

San Francisco, December 20, 1900

# THE PACIFIC

16201  
400 Edwards  
Geo  
Moor

A  
religious  
family  
paper

Volume XLIX

Number 51

THOUGH Christ a thousand times  
In Bethlehem be born,  
If he's not born in thee,  
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha  
Will never save thy soul;  
The cross in thine own heart  
Alone can make thee whole.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,  
That, too, become thou must;  
God, if thou lovest God,  
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Go out, God will go in;  
Die thou and let him live;  
Be not and he will be;  
Wait, and he'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God,  
Love takes the shortest route;  
The way which knowledge leads  
Is but a round-about.

Drive out from thee the world,  
And then like God thou'lt be,  
A heaven within thyself  
In calm eternity.

—Angelus Silesius (1624.)



# THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congressional Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

PUBLISHING CO. OF THE PACIFIC

## TERMS:

Per Year, in Advance, \$2.00  
To Foreign Countries in Postal Union 3.00

A good book for a Christmas present

## HISTORY OF THE Howard Presbyterian Church

SAN FRANCISCO

From its foundation in 1850, to the close of its first pastorate in 1862. By Rev. Samuel H. Willey, the First Pastor. Cloth, gilt title, price \$1.00.

The book has the flavor of "the times of '49" and the early days of San Francisco. It tells of the founding of the earliest philanthropic institutions of San Francisco and gives the names of some of the men and women who were foremost in establishing them.

For sale at the American Tract Society's Bookstore, 16 Grant Avenue

## SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

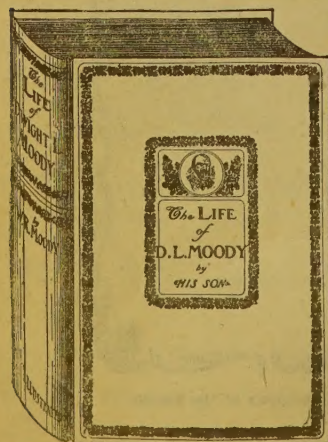
Office, 33 Geary St.

TELEPHONE, 5125.

S. F. BUFFORD, Manager.

## BLMYER BELLS

CHURCH - SCHOOL - FIRE - ALARM  
PACIFIC MERCANTILE CO. SOLE AGENTS  
308 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## Latest and Best SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

For the Holiday Season.

\$500 to \$1,000 can be easily earned between now and the Holidays. One agent earned \$147 during half the dull month of August.

Send at once for new illustrated Fall Circular. Handsome outfits free to responsible and energetic agents.

**R. R. PATTERSON,**  
Publisher and Publishers' Agent  
**429-437 MONTGOMERY ST.**  
San Francisco, Cal.



## THE BOOK STORE

Of the American Tract Society has moved from the Palace Hotel Building, 637 Market street to 16 GRANT AVENUE, bet. Market and Geary Sts. Our store and methods are not strangers in San Francisco, and we are pleased to announce that at the new address we shall continue to carry the best books in nearly every department of literature

A much larger salesroom with perfect light will enable us to increase our stock and display it advantageously. We are sure that a visit to our new store will prove a pleasure.

A continuance of your esteemed patronage is cordially asked.  
L. H. CARY, Manager.

## SCHOOLS.

### POMONA COLLEGE, CLAREMONT, CAL.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Seeks to give a complete college training. Address for catalogue, etc.,

REV. FRANK L. FERGUSON, President.  
REV. E. C. NORTON, Dean of Faculty.

### Mills College and Seminary

THE OLDEST

PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Grants Diplomas and Confers Degrees. Rare opportunities offered in Music. One hour's ride from San Francisco.

Fall term opens August 8, 1900

Write for catalogue to

MRS. C. T. MILLS, President,  
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

### IRVING INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Select Boarding and Day School for  
Young Ladies.  
Primary Department for Children.

A carriage will call when desired.

This school, so well known for twenty-odd years, has moved into an elegant and commodious building on the northeast corner of California and Buchanan streets. It gives full seminary and college preparatory courses, language, elocution, music in all branches, and art. It is accredited to the universities.

For further information address the Principal

REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

### PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

REMOVED TO BERKELEY  
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

REV. J. K. McLEAN, D. D.  
Oakland, Cal.

### FRED WILSON, MERCHANT TAILOR

Fifteen per cent discount  
to Clergymen.

610 MONTGOMERY STREET;  
N. E. Cor. Merchant St.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - CA



# THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

*"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"*

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, December 20, 1900

## This Christmas Time.

Nineteen hundred years ago there was born in the little village of Bethlehem in Judea one who began soon to exercise a remarkable influence in the world. In his early manhood he entered upon the work for which he had been sent, and soon gathered around him a devoted band of followers, whom he carefully trained to lay the foundations of a kingdom which he claimed was to be perpetual. But after a few years had passed away that life went out on the cross on Calvary. The end was not unexpected by the great leader; it was unexpected by his followers, and every hope they had built up in him died when he died at Golgotha. Soon, however, there came the crowning miracle in his career among men—the victory over death; and those early disciples were so firmly bound to him that they went forth, when finally he was taken from them, to lives of most heroic service in behalf of his kingdom.

Nearly two thousand years have rolled away, and the influence of that life shows no waning. He who was lifted up on Calvary has been the one great influence and power in the world since then, and gradually the world is being won by him and for him. The history of the world is Christo-centric. The ancient Hebrew world looked forward to Bethlehem for the coming of some great deliverer and ruler, and around Bethlehem and Calvary more and more, as the years have rolled away, have centered the life and thought of the modern world. Across the intervening centuries we of to-day unite our voices with the voices of the olden time and say, "Never man spake like this man." We consider that character, compare it with the grandest characters the world has known, and the universal decision is that it is a matchless character. There are none to dispute the judgment of

Renan that "all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus." But millions to-day exalt him far more than this. They not only say with the Apostle Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," but with Thomas they say also, "My Lord and my God."

In this dawning of the twentieth century the stars look not down on a country in which have not been heard the good tidings which came of old to shepherds on the Bethlehem hills. Christmas will be observed around the world. Everywhere men and women will go, in thought, "even unto Bethlehem." They will stand before the cross on Calvary; they will follow those early disciples in their later experiences, and with them will hear the words, "Go ye and disciple all nations."

'It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight!

On the snowflakes which cover thy sod  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight,  
That mankind are the children of God."

"On the sad and lonely, the wretched and poor,  
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of a hope that he dared not dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

## The Pilgrim Fathers.

The Reformation in England in the reign of Henry the Eighth was but little more than a reformation in name. The king threw off the yoke of Rome only to place himself at the head of the Church, and there were only slight changes from the beliefs and customs of Rome. At first there were some changes that were pleasing to the Protestants, but the Roman Catholic element soon gained dominant influence with the king, and many obnoxious enactments were promulgated. During the reign of Edward the Sixth, although the pathway of Protestantism was less thorny,



the ritual of the Church was essentially Romish, and uniform observance was ordered under severe penalties. Queen Mary's reign was a bloody one, many Protestants going to the stake. Elizabeth, in comparison, was tolerant, but many objectionable Romish features were retained by her, and she claimed absolute right to direct the affairs of the Church and to prescribe all forms of worship. Accordingly, many persons went into exile. Those acts which were constantly widening the breach between the English Church and the people were carried down into the reign of James the First, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were in church circles several distinct classes. There were those who were thoroughly loyal to the sovereign and the established order; there were thorough Papists, concealing, of course, to considerable extent, for advantage to themselves and Rome, their real sentiments; and there was also a class that had at first, by way of derision, been termed Puritans. These for a long time had been seeking to purify the Church. They desired to have the Church emancipated from its prelatical and ritualistic errors, and returned to primitive methods. Among the Puritans were both Conformists and Non-Conformists. Some believed in the authority of the Established Church and rendered obedience because of this authority. All loved the Church despite its errors; and many who did not conform would not forsake it until driven out by fierce persecution. Out from these Conformists came finally the Separatists. They believed that the church was unclean, and incapable of reformation, and that there devolved upon them the duty of separation and the formation of churches of their own.

Among the Separatist churches in the early years of the seventeenth century was one in the village of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire. In their covenant they had pledged to walk in God's ways "made known or to be made known to them, the Lord assisting them." In this little church there were some of the most intelligent and devoted men and women to be found in rural England. Their trials were not long in coming upon them. Persecuted because of their non-conformity they decided to go to some other country, and in

1607 attempted to take departure. Arrested and thrown in prison they were hindered for a time, but early the next year many were permitted to depart, and new homes were made by them in Holland. Others joined these first pilgrims in that land later, and for twelve years they lived and labored in the city of Leyden. They were such accessions as the people of Leyden were glad to welcome. From the testimonials given them at the time of their departure, and since then, it is safe to say that no other city ever had an accession so desirable.

But in Holland the Pilgrims were surrounded by a people speaking a language different from their own; and, largely outnumbered, they feared that they might lose their identity. Moreover, they hoped elsewhere to be able to lay the foundation of a Christian community which should open up to many others the blessings which come with freedom to worship God. Even the freedom which they then enjoyed they could not claim with certainty in the future, for a renewal of hostilities between Holland and Spain might subject them to relentless persecutions in their exile home. Accordingly, they turned their faces toward the New World, and heroically wrote on the wild New England shores the opening chapters of one of the most inspiring portions of the history of the world.

Puritans in very truth, Non-Conformists and Separatists, they became pilgrims in order that they might best attain real life for themselves and lay foundations for the giving of it to others.

### Notes.

Mrs. J. L. Mateer, who endured the horrors of Peking and suffered from severe sickness afterward, arrived on Friday and went to Southern California on Monday. Mr. Mateer died before the siege. They have been long in the service of the American Board.

Miss Josephine Walker is to start for her mission field, Foochow, China, on Saturday of this week. During her stay in Oregon she has made herself very useful in the churches. Miss Chittenden, Dr. Bliss, and perhaps one or two others are to take the same steamer for the same field.

Rev. Thomas Gray and wife and the Misses Palmer and Foss, who left on the "Queen of



the Isles" July 26th, for Ponape, Caroline Islands, arrived there on the 27th of September. They were in good health and received a hearty welcome. The work was opening well. Prince Henry Nanpei had generously let them have his own residence for their use.

The American Board Almanac for 1901 has been received at this office. It is a missionary *vade mecum*. Give it a place in your home and you will be very likely to have a more comprehensive knowledge of our foreign missionary work. They may be had of Rev. Walter Frear at Congregational headquarters for ten cents a copy.

The Rev. Dr. J. E. Roy of Chicago, Western District, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, says in a letter to the editor: "I am very glad that you are still navigating The Pacific. This is the wrong time in the world's history for a journal with such a name, looking out upon the Pacific Ocean, to throw up its outlook. The paper has had a fine history. It has an ample field, and scope for a constituency."

Mr. George B. Littlefield of the First Congregational church of this city, and President of the Golden Gate Christian Endeavor Union, has been elected a member, *ex officio*, of the Epworth League Committee for 1901. Cordial assurance of co-operation on the part of Christian Endeavorers has been given. The Epworth Committee desires that there be a "repetition of the comity that was so delightfully shown in the '97 Christian Endeavor Convention."

This is the season of the year when Sunday-schools often show considerable increase in attendance. The superintendent of the Fruitvale school, Oakland, noticing an unusually large attendance Sunday before last, asked the question, "For what are you all here?" One little girl held up her hand and innocently replied, "For Santa Claus." We are reminded of an incident in the Walnut Hills Sunday-school in Cincinnati some years ago. The superintendent had asked the question, "What do people do when they follow Jesus?" From the lips of his own little boy came the reply, "They take up a collection." The answer sought was, "They take up the cross." The little fellow was never told, at least not in his tender childhood, that he had given a very amusing answer.

A Southern California friend writes: "When I subscribed for The Pacific for Mr. — I did not think of its proving such a comfort to his 'shut-in wife,' an invalid for many years. But calling on her to-day, and finding what a comfort it has proved to be to her I cannot have the coming of it cease. Accordingly, I

enclose \$2 so that there may be no break in the subscription." We wonder whether there are not others to whom the friends of The Pacific could bring comfort in a similar manner. It would be money well spent. It would not only rejoice the hearts of those to whom sent, but it would do something toward the placing of The Pacific in condition to better accomplish its work. Friends, think on these things during these holiday times. "Giving is living, and living is giving."

Several Epworth Leagues in California are raising funds with which to send their entire membership to the International Convention to be held in this city next July. It is stated that the society at Oroville was the first to decide to do this. Among those deciding thus is the society at Napa, which has more than a hundred members. The Eureka Board of Trade has offered substantial assistance in transportation for a large delegation from Humboldt county. A new feature is announced for this year. It is a parade on the streets of San Francisco. Accordingly, the Leagues are requested to send their banners, with the exception of staffs, these being furnished here. All things show that our Methodist brethren are going about the preparations for the Convention with great enthusiasm, and with the intent that it shall count largely for righteousness.

"The D. L. Moody Year Book," issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company of Chicago, is one that can be heartily recommended. It contains, along with a Scripture verse, a selection from the words of Mr. Moody for each day in the year. These selections, made by his daughter, Mrs. Emma Moody Fitt, are from the best utterances of the great evangelist. They are real gems of Christian thought. This book in the home for daily use during the year 1901 would tend largely to enrich the lives of all. Mr. Moody's favorite texts are given on one of the initial pages. They were from Isaiah 12:2: "Behold God in my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." Also from Isaiah, 50:7: "The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know I shall not be ashamed."

"Saratoga Sunshine" is the title of a pamphlet of eighty pages published by the Improvement Company of that village. It contains a large amount of valuable information about the foothill region of the Santa Cruz mountains and the warm belt of the Santa Clara valley. Among the illustrations is one of "Three Oaks"—the home of "Aloha," who by means of his "acorns" throws sunshine into



the lives of the readers of The Pacific. Just at this juncture we pull from an envelope a solitary "acorn" which evidently was intended for incorporation with the editorial notes. It is: "Tell the friends who wish to buy a Christmas book for the boys to buy 'Bob Son of Battle.' It is a story of a Scotch shepherd dog, which will delight everyone in the household. It is as good as 'Rab and his Friends,' and there is more of it. The Doubleday and McClure Company of New York publish it for \$1.50. Yours for the boys and dogs." And we would add, for all other of God's creatures also.

The edifice of the only Congregational church in Western Canada, between Vancouver and Winnipeg, was opened for worship a few weeks ago. It is at Nelson, B. C. The auditorium will seat 400 persons. There are two additional rooms. A Nelson local paper states: "About a year ago it was decided by the Canadian Congregational Missionary Society to build a church in what appeared to be the most central point and most prosperous city of the Kootenays and Nelson was selected. Rev. A. F. McGregor, of Toronto, superintendent of the missions, Rev. J. Burford Hooke, of London, England, at the head of the Colonial missions and Superintendent Bailey of the State of Washington, were asked to visit Nelson and purchase a site. This they did, it being where the church now stands. The society paid for the lots and advanced \$1,200 toward the building of the church, which has been put up at a cost of about \$5,000. The next step was to select a pastor, who would come out and look after the work. So were obtained the services of Rev. William Munroe. He received his preliminary and college education at Woodstock, Ont., while his university training was obtained at McGill University and the Congregational College at Montreal. Rev. Mr. Monroe is a most promising young man, and is well liked by everyone with whom he comes in contact. As to the rapid progress of the denomination here both the members and the pastor are to be highly congratulated." Dedicationary services are announced for next Sunday, the sermon to be preached by the Rev. Dr. George of Montreal, President of the Canadian Congregational College.

Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Whitney, who have been in this country for some time on missionary furlough, expect to leave for Foochow about the middle of January. They have been at Santa Cruz for several months. All of the workers in the Foochow field, except families in which there are children, are returning to the work.

## Chronicle and Comment.

Recently comment was made in The Pacific on an article by the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith in an Eastern magazine, in which the thought was that the trend in China was toward the partition of the empire. This week Dr. Willis Noble, a medical missionary under the American Board, stationed for some time at Pao-tingfu, said in an address in New York that China is on the verge of partition; that there is no way by which the integrity of the empire can be permanently sustained.

We commend the determination of the temperance people of Berkeley to continue the fight against the saloon. In the repeal of the ordinance we cannot but believe that the town trustees voted according to their own desires and not according to those of a majority of the people. Our university town ought not to be cursed with the saloon. But the fight will be a long one. The saloon element is not easily downed. We have mentioned in these columns in the past the attempt to get the saloons back into the town of Angola, Indiana, from which they were banished three or four years ago. Sixteen times the saloon element has been defeated, but the seventeenth attempt has been entered upon. For a long time "the five-gallon saloon," allowed under the laws of Indiana—liquor not to be drunk on the premises—has been made as obnoxious as possible with the hope that the people would come to prefer the others to that. But the temperance people do not weaken. Nor should they in Berkeley. There has been but little opportunity for the enforcement of the ordinance, and it would be very babyish on their part to turn against it at this juncture.

Cablegrams from London announce no striking changes in the Sun, the daily paper which the Rev. Dr. Parker has undertaken to edit for a few days. It is hardly to be expected that Dr. Parker will edit a paper that will at once be adopted as a model the world over. The successful newspaper man isn't made in a day. General Brinkerhoof of Ohio, whom accident and force of circumstances made an editor for a while, says in his "Recollections of a Lifetime": "Most persons entertain the idea that no preliminary training is needed for the position of an editor, and that any one, in fact, of ordinary literary attainments can at once conduct a newspaper. No mistake can be greater. To be a successful editor requires as much ability and as long training as any other profession. In fact, my observation warrants me in asserting that to attain eminence as an editor a rarer combination of talent is required than in any other profession." The Rev. C. M. Sheldon, eminent in other lines of



work, had a splendid opportunity to show what a newspaper should be. He might have published one for a week that the reading public would gladly have had continued. But he wasn't prepared for his opportunity, and he failed. Dr. Parker's experiment is likely to end as Sheldon's ended, although the paper undoubtedly will be widely different from the Topeka Capital under the latter's management.

At this time of petitions to Congress to pass an anti-canteen law it is noticeable that there is among well-intentioned people everywhere a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of such a measure. When motion was made last Monday in the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, to indorse such a petition and request such action on the part of Congress, some of the ministers did not vote either for or against it. In the Outlook for December 15 the editorial utterance is: "We regard the abolition of the canteen as a measure intended to promote temperance, but certain to promote intemperance." The Boston Transcript says: "Among the officers of the regular army stationed in the vicinity of Boston that feature of the new army bill which abolishes the sale of beer and mild malt drinks at the army canteens is regarded as a very grave error." We recall here a scene at the late meeting of the General Association of Congregational churches at Cloverdale. A minister who ventured to say that he understood that there were good reasons for the belief that the canteen had proved in some cases to be a good thing—good comparatively—was hissed by several members of the Association, ladies being of the number. Now that the arguments for and against the canteen are likely to be gone over again throughout the land, it is to be hoped that there will not be any who will so forget the proprieties as did some of our brethren at Cloverdale. There are two sides to this question. Among those believing that the opposers of the canteen have the best side of the question is the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C. We have word from him that both sides of the canteen hearing before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs were stenographically taken, and that all who desire one or more copies, including replies to General Corbin and defense should so write to one of their own Senators, so that the committee may know how large an edition to prepare.

The little book containing selections from Dr. Cherington's sermons, published by the C. E. Society of Plymouth church, can be had at the Tract Society book store.

## The Religious World.

Mrs. Fannie Lewis Scudder, mother of the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of the First Congregational church of Woburn, Mass., and of Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City, died a few days ago. Mrs. Scudder was the wife of Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder, who was for twenty years a missionary in India. Dr. Scudder was once pastor of the Howard Presbyterian church of this city, also of the Central Congregational of Brooklyn, New York, and of Plymouth church, Chicago.

Good news for the Christian world comes from Washington in the announcement that the committee having the matter under consideration has decided to recommend to the General Assembly that some revision or change be made in the Westminster Confession of Faith. The vote of the Presbyteries was as follows: For a substitute creed, 15; for revision, 45; for a supplementary creed, 62; for an explanatory statement, 10; for an alternative creed, 1; uncertain and undecisive vote, 11; for dismissal of the whole subject, 69. Guided by this vote the committee could not do otherwise than recommend a change or revision. Final action will be taken at a meeting to be held in February.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of England, who is coming to this country to take charge of the Northfield Extension Movement, has been spoken of as Mr. Moody's successor. He says in the British Weekly that it is painful to him to be spoken of thus. "It would be quite as correct," he writes, "to speak of Luther's successor, or Wesley's. These men are God's gifts to his church for specific work, and there is no succession." Concerning Mr. Moody he continues: "No one can ever succeed him, in all his varied service for the Kingdom of God. So far as the executive work is concerned, he is naturally and immediately succeeded by his son, Mr. W. R. Moody." Recently Mr. Morgan and Mr. Moody attended a Thursday morning service at the City Temple, London. At the close of his sermon Dr. Parker said: "We have with us today Mr. Moody, the son of the renowned evangelist. He would be more welcome but for an awful fact with which I publicly charge him. He is taking away from us one of our best evangelists, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. It is too bad! It seems to me that America would take away from us all our best preachers, teachers and evangelists. And yet America in doing so is quite right—though I begrudge this last Christian burglary. Words fail me, but what they want in delicacy they will have in strength. England ought not to have let Mr. Campbell Morgan go. Poor old



sleepy England! It would let anybody go. It is very sad, but such is the fact. Give me Campbell Morgan, John McNeill, W. R. Lane and several captains and colonels of the Salvation Army and we would do a great deal of work if all the churches were united and enthusiastic in the matter. I do not want such brethren to go, the whole place to me will be colder and poorer without them; they are so gracious, so devoted, so full of the best faculty for Christian work. Can we stand by and let some of our best and strongest men go to other fields? I will say to my dear friend Campbell Morgan, as he sits in front of me to-day, Go with our blessing, go with our confidence, and may God's great benediction rest upon you, and give you to see that this providence, so harsh to us, is really God's providence; and when you have had a long-blessed day yonder, may there be 'light' for you 'at evening time'—these words quoted being from the text of the sermon.

The Rev. E. H. Byrons, formerly of California, now pastor at Centerbrook, Connecticut, writes in renewing his subscription: "The paper is the most welcome of all that comes to our home. I wish you success in the publication of it. Our own church paper published here in connection with our work, the first of each month, gives me a little idea of what it means to you to place so excellent a paper before us every week. I spent many an hour in the office in conversation with Mr. Kimball when he was in charge, and I know how he felt at times about our denominational paper on the coast. I trust that all supporters of The Pacific will do as you have suggested, and send in their subscriptions promptly, so that you may not be overanxious as to the outcome. I wish that the pastors would give larger report of their work. Our work here is prospering. We built a fine two-story parsonage last year, with steam heating throughout. Our third year with this people has been a prosperous one."

Rev. George H. DeKay, who resigns the pastorate at Norwalk at the end of the year, will take up for a time work with the Boys' Industrial Home Society, which has for its object the care and industrial training of orphan boys. The society has a ranch of 33 acres a few miles from Los Angeles, and although organized less than a year has already received nearly sixty boys. Homes have been found for over twenty of these. Plans are in hand for buildings and equipment for a hundred boys, and Mr. DeKay will undertake the financial side of this work. It is his intention to leave the pastorate only temporarily.

"Daily Food," "Daily Promises" and "Daily Comfort" are three beautiful, dainty books issued by the Revell Company of Chicago, containing a verse of Scripture for every day in the year. "Daily Food" contains, in addition to a promise and another Scripture portion, a verse from some hymn. These booklets are in size about 2 1/4x3 inches, handsomely bound in white covers with blue and gold decorations. They may be had for 25 cents. All of the Revell publications are for sale at the Tract Society book store, San Francisco.

Mrs. F. B. Pickett of Whitewater, Colorado, widow of Rev. J. W. Pickett, some years ago Superintendent of Home Missions in Colorado, is spending a few weeks in California. Mr. Pickett was Superintendent in Iowa at first, going from that State to Colorado, where he lost his life in a stage coach accident about twenty years ago. The lives of both Mr. and Mrs. Pickett have entered into much that is enduring in the Rocky mountain region.

Forefather's Day will be observed by the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity on Saturday evening at the California Hotel. The subject for addresses will be "The Puritans as Nation Builders." Dr. C. F. Thwing, President of Adelbert University, Cleveland, Ohio, will speak, as will also Rev. C. R. Brown of Oakland and Secretary McCoy of the Y. M. C. A., San Francisco.

Rev. T. G. Lewis, pastor at Byron, issues each week a neat little church bulletin called "The Parish Visitor." Among other notices in the last number is one concerning The Pacific, in part as follows: "The Pacific, the organ of the Pacific Coast Congregationalism, is every week brim full of good things that will make the church life and the home life better, purer and sweeter."

Secretary Clark of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, in extending an invitation to the Rev. Dr. Willey to be in attendance at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the society next year in Boston, says: "It would be a great inspiration to our meeting, and a source of joy I know to your own heart. I very much hope you can see your way clear to be present."

Atherton Cooke Lewis, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Lewis, was baptized Sunday in the home of his parents at Palo Alto, by Professor R. R. Lloyd. Several clergymen were present, of whom Rev. F. J. Culver, the acting pastor, assisted in the service.



**Sayings and Doings in New York City.**

REV. E. LYMAN HOOD, PH.D.

Election has passed; Congress has convened; the world still goes round. Tammany yet reigns!

It is amusing as well as instructive to turn to the daily papers of a month past and read the dark forebodings. The press echoed the warnings of the stump orators. Whatever party succeeded, the country would surely go to smash, for both predicted dire disaster if the other succeeded. And only one party could win.

New York City is, first of all, a great commercial center. Not art, science, or religion define its life, but business. The vast structures which give the type to the metropolis are not galleries, colleges or churches. In the village, the house of God is the focus—all roads lead out from it. Here in this city the palaces of commerce overtop and crowd out the sanctuary.

Money has been uppermost of late. The financial transactions of the city have exceeded all former records. Last week on the Stock Exchange, 6,794,000 shares were bought and sold. In one day the astounding number of 1,616,000 changed hands. Wednesday, brokers purchased on orders received by cable from London stocks aggregating more than twelve million dollars in value. Should present tendencies continue the city will, ere long, become the financial center of the world. For it is to be noted that these enormous transactions, which would have been deemed simply impossible a few years ago, were carried on without any panic or violent fluctuation of values. Money on call loans remained at four and only on one day rose to five per cent. The above sales no doubt include large speculative elements. Not so, however, the exchanges in the New York Clearing House. Yet, in one day, the sum aggregated \$353,505,626. In its forty-seven years of history, this total exceeded all former figures. And statisticians have since declared that the day's transactions represent the largest commercial exchange in one place at one time that the world has ever known.

The rise in prices has been gradual and signifies many millions of dollars. Government and municipal bonds have gone up slightly; railway stocks from two to ten per cent. But in the so-called "Industrials" (the stocks of the great trusts) the increase has been from five to fifteen per cent during the past six weeks.

In financial depression we are always ready to cry "hard times." And this year, a season of unparalleled business prosperity we should not be forgetful of the responsibility such blessings bring. President McKinley

very wisely closes his message to Congress this week, "In this era of great business activity and opportunity, caution is not untimely. Wise economy in a season of plenty husbands for the future. It will not retard, but promote legitimate industrial and commercial expansion. Our growing power brings with it temptations and perils requiring constant vigilance to avoid." Words of profound significance are these; and it is to be hoped that our law-makers, and all over us in authority, will give them due heed.

In the meanwhile the city grows. The steady current setting in from the hill-towns of New England does not abate. The tide of immigration from Southern Europe rather increases in volume. Real estate has passed its highest former figures. Outgoing and incoming steamers are loaded down to their utmost capacity. Railways cannot handle the traffic offered. I have never seen the streets of the city so crowded at this time of the year. Thousands of extra clerks have been employed and yet, in the popular marts of trade, one often has to wait long to be served. Wages have been somewhat increased, and yet not to the degree that the present prosperity warrants. In the midst of the apparent prosperity of all, the close student readily discerns signs of change and hears mutterings, at least from a few, of discontent.

It is to be expected that this unprecedented business activity should make itself manifest in the quickening of all religious work. It is true, but only in part. Many structures for Christian work are in process of construction. Thousands upon thousands of dollars—all the free-will offering of grateful hearts—are being expended in the enlargement of churches, hospitals and schools. It is distinctively an era of adornment; sculptured marble, carved wood, historic pictures and resplendent windows are much in evidence. One would say that the outlook for evangelical work is auspicious. Theological controversy is not disturbing the peace of the churches. If the lions are not dead, they are at least sleeping.

But if the whole truth should be told, then are other indications not so encouraging. The attendance upon worship, especially in the evening, is far from satisfactory. The year so soon to close will show a very low percentage of conversion in all communions. In Manhattan the Jews and the Lutherans are the only organizations which have made marked gains among the 532 churches of the metropolis. Even the Roman Catholics, with their 105 churches, have not had the usual increase. In recent years, however, the ministry, even more than the churches, has suffered. Pastoral tenure has become shorter and less stable. Vacant pastors and unemployed church



es! are engaging profound consideration. The writer heard, two weeks ago, in the Monday club, the Rev. Dr. Lysander Dickerman, an honored brother of our communion, say: "There are at least one thousand one hundred Protestant ministers unemployed and seeking work in Greater New York at the present time." It should be remembered that "Greater" New York is the term applied to the municipality, and it includes New York City proper, Brooklyn and the Bronx. The remark was made in open meeting, but no exception was taken by any one to the statement.

Changed conditions do not always signify an unfavorable outlook. The decline of the Salvation Army is noticeable. It has turned from evangelistic effort to the conduct of eleemosynary institutions. It is to be regretted that it is no longer the factor it was. The Volunteers have suffered even more and the future of the organization is problematical. The number of religious meetings have so greatly increased, diminished attendance on any one type has resulted necessarily. The multiplication of many fraternities—social, economic and industrial—with ritual and ceremony, semi-religious in character, keeps many from the churches.

On Manhattan Island the Roman church claims a membership of 550,000; all the others—Protestant, Jewish and Greek—180,000. Now, if we multiply this last by three, to represent the families of the "members," we have approximately a number about equal to the membership of the one hundred and more Roman churches. Adding the two, we get the church population of the city, about one million. This is not quite half the people. In the entire city, only 342,023 sittings are provided. Or, in other words, but one-seventh of the inhabitants could be provided for at any one time. The unchurched million of New York could provide 500 churches, with a constituency of two thousand each. The following brief summary may be of passing interest.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Members.</i>	<i>Property.</i>
Roman Catholic	104	543,900	\$25,000,000
Episcopal	121	66,000	21,000,000
Presbyterian	70	29,000	11,000,000
Lutherans	35	22,000	2,000,000
Methodist	67	19,000	6,000,000
Baptists	50	17,500	5,000,000
Jewish	50	12,000	5,000,000
Congregational	14	3,018	1,000,000
All others	40	17,000	3,000,000

These figures are eloquent. They speak to all in no uncertain sound. They indicate our greatest city is a vast heathen capital. Life is nowhere else lived so intensely. The struggle for mere existence is severe past expression. No missionary field presents more imper-

ative need. The city must be saved, or the state—the nation will be lost. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

### The Present Condition of the Missions of the American Board in North China.

BY ARTHUR H. SMITH.

Every reader of this journal is aware that a great catastrophe has overtaken the work of the American Board in China, but not all of them know or can know how much is left. It is the purpose of these lines to mention some of the things which remain, not all of which are by any means ready to die. The Shansi Mission has been annihilated so far as the personnel of the foreign workers is concerned, and it is almost certain that all property has been destroyed. If there are exceptions it is because it has been confiscated to the Chinese Government. Some of the native assistants are supposed to have escaped, but how many and who, we are still unable to ascertain. The loss of life among the Shansi native Christians, strange to say, does not appear to have been so great as in many places in Chihli.

The foreign settlement of Tientsin was defended during the assaults of the Chinese in July, but the missions were all strictly outside the military lines, and the Chinese were gathered in a large go-down kindly lent for the purpose by a British shipping-agent. Church members from some of the outstations had been here for many weeks, but others failed to arrive, and were caught in the centre of the storm. It is supposed that perhaps thirty have lost their lives, but as some return after long intervals, it is impossible to be precise. At the present writing (early in November) there are somewhat more than an hundred Christian refugees in Tientsin, of whom a small number are accommodated in a house at the west suburb two miles from the settlement. One of the great problems is to give these people employment, not only that they may earn their own food, and not be demoralized by total dependence, but may be kept from the mischief which it is proverbial idle hands and idle tongues everywhere find to do. It is not known as yet what the number of killed among the Peking Christians may have been, but it has not been small. The membership of that station was seven hundred or more—the largest perhaps in the mission. One of the native pastors has disappeared, and is supposed to have lost his life. There are now between one and two hundred refugee Christians from this field gathered in a commodious residence of a Manchu noble, under the care of Dr. Ament, and what is left of the Bridgman school—only about twenty scholars out of more than sixty—is collected in the



same place, under the care of Miss Sheffield and Miss Grace Wyckoff. Miss Russell is looking after the varied interest of the women, to whom she has for many years given so much of her heart and life. All Peking mission property was totally destroyed, as was also the case in Tung Chou, Kalgan and Pao Ting Fu. Somewhat more than an hundred of the Tung Chou refugee Christians are gathered into another Manchu residence, under the shepherding of Mr. Newbury, who has given himself to their interests with the utmost assiduity ever since the siege was raised. There is some prospect that the students who happen to be left in Peking and who belonged to the North China college may receive this winter some systematic instruction, but it must be on a very reduced scale as compared with the broad course of other years. Dr. Sheffield has recently returned to Peking, and in connection with translation work on the wen-li version of the New Testament, will give much valued assistance in the work which the peculiar conditions require. There is no missionary on the field belonging to Kalgan, all having been obliged to take the tedious Siberian route to Europe during the summer. Nothing has been heard of the Kalgan Christians, nor even of the native helpers, and it is only known that they have been utterly scattered.

Pao Ting Fu has been recently visited in the company of the military expedition thither by Mr. Lowrie of the Presbyterian mission, and by pastor Meng, the younger of two brothers belonging there. As is now too well known, all the missionaries at this city were killed, as well as about forty of the Christians, of whom many are still in hiding. The tale of their sufferings makes a new and a thrilling page in Church history, yielding in interest to nothing in the stories of the early centuries, and the same may be said of other stations as well. At present Pao Ting Fu is one of the four stations entirely unrepresented in China, the only members remaining alive being Dr. Noble and Mr. Geo. H. Ewing, and their wives, all in the U. S. The country station of P'ang Chuang, nearly two hundred miles south of Tientsin in the edge of the Shantung province still stands intact, not a building destroyed, or even entered. This is probably the only Protestant mission station of which this is true in the vast stretch from the Yellow river to the Great Wall, and perhaps as far as the Ampor river. The reasons for this extraordinary exemption from the common ruin are partly local and partly general. Some of the Boxer leaders were under obligations to the missionaries, and the hostility was toward the Romanists, not towards us. The reputation of the hospital and its widely benevolent work materially assisted. Some of the mem-

bers were on good terms with Boxer sub-leaders, and by judicious feasts and the present of a horse secured their permanent good-will, so that the storm, while circling all about and often threatening, never once touched either the mission compound or the village. Fifteen or twenty of the membership have been killed, but this includes eleven in Cahli at a considerable distance from the station, where the violence was far greater than in Shantung. Governor Yuan is determined to exterminate the P'oxers, as he would have been glad to do last winter had he been allowed, but the local officials are dilatory and deceitful, and open to shameless bribery, so that arrests are not made, and the members are in great terror of their lives. A considerable number are gathered at P'ang Chuang under the general care of the two native pastors, it being at present out of the question for foreigners to go there. Dr. Porter of this station, and his sister, who escaped by Chefoo to the coast, have been diligently shepherding the shepherdless Tientsin flock for the past three trying months, and looking after the countless needs of the missionary refugees from Peking, on the outward journey. Dr. Porter's health requires an immediate relief from the severe strain of the past eighteen months. Miss Gertrude Wyckoff is putting her strong and experienced shoulder to the wheel at Tientsin, where there is much new work to do. The whole mission compound has for some months been filled with soldiers and officers, so as to leave almost no room for members of the mission, except in one dwelling, but the troops are now ordered to Manila, and a new distribution can be effected. Of the seven native pastors of our mission, one has died of illness within the past few months, one has been killed (and probably two), as well as several of the native helpers. The membership has been reduced perhaps by one-half, and a crisis has been reached of which there has been no previous experience either in China or elsewhere. Under these conditions the missionaries, the Christians, the Prudential Committee and the Secretaries all need the wisdom which is given of God to adjust themselves to the new situation at the opening of the unknown century just at the doors. We ask for each and all of them, as well as for the deeply bereaved friends of those who have been taken away, the earnest, continuous prayers of the friends of our work in China.

Tientsin, Nov. 5, 1900.

So oft the doing of God's will  
Our foolish wills undoeth!  
And yet what idle dream breaks ill  
Which morning light subdueth;  
And who would murmur or misdoubt,  
When God's great sunrise finds him out?

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



### About Some New Englanders.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

In going from place to place in a journey through New England, one is struck with the great change which has taken place in its population during the lapse of twenty-five years. wies,i-sivshrlducmfwyrfwdwlpuppwfyriww What I mean by the remark is the coming of a foreign population and in great measure supplanting the old stock of the Puritan type. The sons and daughters have gone out from "the old homes" and are scattered from sea to sea. The whole nation is feeling the change for wherever the sturdy New Englander goes there goes with him a stanchness of character that brings not only respect but prosperous homes and a regard for wholesome laws and the upbuilding of religious freedom. No leaven in all the land has been so potent in the maintenance of our free institutions as the inculcation which may be termed the New England idea.

The Massachusetts Bay region, including the names of Boston, Cambridge, Lexington, Concord and others, has been famed the world over for its men and women of more than literary fame. Some of the famous ones are still left, but more have gone beyond the rivers. Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, three immortal names, no longer pass the familiar streets nor grace the literary circles with their mortal presence.

The Holmes residence has gone to make way for university improvements. The Lowell home looks about as it used when the poet said, "Good night." The Longfellow mansion has not changed. In memory I go back to the time when I used to pass into the hallowed home of the poet and receive a benediction from his presence.

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country dwelt,

\* \* \* \* \*

Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread."

I look again up to the famous old-fashioned staircase with the quaint old clock, made more memorable by the words of the poet—

"Half-way up the stairs it stands  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,  
Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Into that study I pass and gaze from "the window of thought and meditation" from which came so many of the most beautiful and inspiring poems of the poet—such as "The Psalm of Life," "Resignation," "The Village

Blacksmith," "Excelsior," "The Children's Hour," and others.

I sit down in "the Ann chair" and the poet's words come thrilling through the room—

"Am I a king that I should call mine own  
This splendid Ebon throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine  
Can I proclaim it mine?"

Starting from my reverie I seem to catch the music of children's voices as they came to present this token of their love to one who loved them. And then, at the gate I hear the subdued voices the day the poet was "passing over"—and one little voice, sobbing, said, "Let's walk very soft, for he's dying."

And then Hiawatha's lamentation came—

"He is dead the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us forever;  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing!"

Among those I met, who seemed almost as vigorous as fifteen years ago, was Edward Everett Hale. One always feels uplifted after meeting and talking with a man of his inspiring presence. He remembered me after the long lapse of time and seemed glad to meet me. The author of "In His Name" is still a platform favorite wherever he goes and his services are eagerly sought.

My nearest neighbor while living in Cambridge was Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who, though now nearly four score years old, is still full of old-time fire and vigor. His services during the war of the rebellion were unique, having commanded a regiment of colored troops from South Carolina. He was always a man of sterling independence, uncontrolled by a mere party name when he felt that party was wrong. Such a man is to be admired whether in agreement with some modern day political notions or not. It is much to say that Colonel Higginson is honest and he is no more afraid to express his honest conviction than he was of rebel bullets when they were flying thick about his head during the war. He has about as much of the real hero in his compound as his former friends Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison.

Another familiar name comes to me in this connection, a man full of dignified geniality, beloved by those even with whom he does not agree politically—I refer to Ex-Gov. George S. Boutwell. As a politician he lacks one quality which I personally very much admire in him, and that is policy. I detest the sound of the word when used in politics or religion.

One of the friends I missed most was the late Governor William E. Russell. I have so often felt had he lived that he would have graced the White House as the chief executive of the nation. He had the genuine qualities of



statesmanship; he was an American in the truest and best sense of the word. At the time of his death he was the peer of any man of his years in New England.

Of the women who have always, from the anti-slavery days down to the present, been at the forefront of reform, I must mention two who yet live—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore—and who yet speak for liberty and the uplifting of humanity. Mrs. Howe is eighty-one and Mrs. Livermore is seventy-eight. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" will live forever.

There are so many more of my old friends of whom I would speak—some this side of "Paradise," but more that have gone on to "the land of sunshine." In another article I may be able to give more fully what I desire.

### Some Christmas Time Thoughts.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

#### Coming to the King.

The twentieth Christian century is already five years on its way. So long before the beginning of our present calendar did that venerable company, representing the scholarship and the religion of the Orient, tread the streets of Jerusalem, and to Judea's wicked king put the question, "Where is He that is born king of the Jews?" Two years before, on the plains of Babylonia or Arabia, an unusual phenomenon had met their eyes. What seemed to be a new star appeared in their firmament—miraculous it may be, in the timeliness of its manifestation—and they whose astrology taught them to connect every sidereal change with terrestrial events, had leaped at once to the conclusion that it was the sign of that "king of the Jews" with whom they had come to associate the world-wide longings and expectations of mankind.

How these expectations had arisen and spread it is not difficult to imagine; for it has always been a weary, suffering world, disappointing to those who have looked to it for good. Yet the hope which was crushed at one point would rise, Phoenix-like, in another; and, beaten back from merely earthly promises, it called in heaven's aid and rose again. But for such inextinguishable hope the race must have long ago died out.

Not only so, but seeing that the source of society's ills lay in human selfishness and greed, the golden age of the world has always been pictured as an age of brotherhood and kindness and virtue. These hopes, moreover, have centered upon individual, heroic men, whom all history shows to be the originators of great movements. Every reform has thus been identified with a man, and so when, through the dispersion of the Hebrew people, the promises made to their fathers had gained

currency among other nations, all these hopes found natural embodiment in a heroic leader, and "the King of the Jews" was the correlate of "the Kingdom of heaven."

It may have been a merely scientific interest in the events which the star presaged, which those scholars felt at first. But God was behind that symbol, and he was guiding those minds, as he always will lead teachable spirits, into clear apprehensions of spiritual truth.

Their experiences in Jerusalem must have been a painful surprise. It was a mistaken belief, truly, but altogether natural that, in a matter of so much concern to the Jewish people, the heads of the nation—the king and the priests—would be most deeply interested and best informed. They could not have anticipated that it would be for themselves, on the contrary, to awaken these leaders, sunken in profligacy and formalism, to any interest in the matter or careful investigation of the signs of the times. It was a disappointment akin to Luther's on his first visit to Rome; or like that of some convert from heathenism in his first contact with a nominal Christian civilization; or like the heart-sinking of one whose eyes are opened to eternal realities, when seeking light upon the way of life from some worldly-minded church member.

This search for "the King of the Jews" was, after all, a groping in the twilight, for those wise men. They saw a shadowy form, not the King in his beauty. Jesus was more than king of the Jews. He was the Son of Man—his own chosen designation; he was the "Light of the World" and the "King of Kings." Yet the conception was true so far as it went and sufficient to urge these earnest inquirers along the road to a completer truth. And though those Jewish priests were, like many an unspiritual minister, but as sign posts pointing out a road which they themselves did not travel, yet for these earnest students there was truth enough in their reply to make clear the step immediately succeeding; there, God's star again took up the guidance, and so they found "the house where the young child was." With the joy of those whose discovery far outruns their largest hopes, they worshipped the newborn King with acts of devotion and gifts of precious treasure.

Was this expression of honor the only value which those offerings had for Jesus? It is at least significant, in view of the hurried departure and enforced sojourn in Egypt, that there was here, in the hands of Joseph and Mary, that which could be turned into money, and so be made to minister to their own and the young child's support. And very sweet, in this view, is the suggestion of our Lord's way of putting himself under obligations to his friends, and allowing them to minister to his needs.



1. "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" After so many intervening centuries the question rises still. Amid all the jubilant reviews of this "wonderful century" this querying note is heard. How far along is his triumph? To what extent is our boasted civilization really Christian? Where do the actions of the allied forces in China fall in, or the lawlessness and savage fury which have broken out in many parts of our own land, or the mammonism which characterizes business and society, or the worldliness which has overspread much of our church life? Thank God for the saving grace of our wise men, of our Zacharias and Elizabeths, our Simeons and Annas, and of the little homes of our Bethlehem.

"We have seen his star and have come to worship." It is the old story of discoveries coming to those on the lookout for them and prepared to improve them—to Newton, the law of gravitation from the falling apple; to Watt, the steam engine in the bubbling tea kettle; to Daguerre, the beginnings of photography from the accidental exposure of a sensitive plate before a curtain tassel; to many a philosopher, great psychological laws "out of the mouths of babes and suckings."

3. "They fell down and worshipped; and opening their treasures they offered him gifts. . . . And he arose and took the young child, . . . and departed into Egypt."

Is this the philosophy of Christian missions? Is it thus that the great God condescends to use human agencies? Does he thus allow us to minister to him at the point of his strongest desires, and to share in his unspeakable gift to the world? Is this what our being "laborers together with God" means, and this his way of enabling us to lay up treasure in heaven?

### What Does the Church Need?

BY REV. J. ROWELL.

Under this head the Congregationalist says, "Never in the century whose last days are passing were churches of every name more active than now. Never were their efforts to serve men so diversified and extensive. Never were they so completely organized. Never were their ministers, as a whole, so thoroughly educated. And never have the results been more meagre so far as growth in numbers is concerned. After all that can be claimed for them is granted, the fact is admitted and discussed, that the Church of Christ today lacks the power it claims to possess. How can it be recovered? The supreme need of the church, now is what the Holy of Holies in the temple represented."

Right, right, all through. And what is this supreme need but the manifested presence of God. The article quoted gives various reasons

for this sad and universally acknowledged decadence, but it says nothing of the chief of all true reasons, viz., the church of today is dethroning God, and putting man in his place. She has gone back to the Ptolemaean astronomy which made the earth the center of the universal and the sun and stars its satellites. As Addison says—

"What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball."

The cry has gone out everywhere, "The pulpit must get down to the conditions and needs of men," and so we have institutional churches and insistence on the Fatherhood of God, with a very weak human father for a pattern, and the socialism of Jesus Christ, while the old authoritative cry, "Thus saith the Lord," is very rarely heard from our pulpits. The popular cry, "Get back from Paul to Christ," ought to be, "Get back to Christ and Paul," for both of these made God and not men the center of the moral universe.

The old doctrine was "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever," but it is no caricature of the modern progressive theology to make it say, "The chief end of God is to secure man's best good." The old theology exalted God; the modern says very little about him and exalts man. And this is the reason of all reasons why this never before so active and well furnished a church reaps so wretched a harvest of souls. The regeneration of souls is the work of the Holy Spirit, and he will not use and honor the preaching that ignores God and exalts man.

Bystander says, "One of the most pitiful sights is to see a preacher taking his place in the dim light of the seventeenth century, preaching to a congregation seated in the nineteenth century." And the City Missionary of Chicago well says, in substance, "When a preacher can move men Godward with one-hundredth part the power that Jonathan Edwards did, it will be time for him to decry the preaching of Edwards." Were Edwards living in the nineteenth century he would, no doubt, change the form of his utterance, but he would cling to the old truths, and the Holy Spirit would honor his preaching, and there would be no occasion to mourn the decadence of conversions in his church. The substance, not necessarily the form, of Edwards' theology is what the church of today is wilting for the lack of.

Who hears sermons, in this day of progressive theology on such themes as the sovereign claims of God on men, the lost estate of men through depravity and sin, the necessity of regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit, salvation possible only by the atoning sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross, the final, general Judgment Day, and the everlasting punishment of the finally unregenerate? I



ask of every reader of this article, when have you heard your pastor preach on any of these themes? From every side I hear the answer, "Never." Yet, these are the truths, the faithful preaching of which the Spirit has always honored with the conversion of souls. How can the Holy Spirit use our modern preaching of the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of men, and the socialism of Jesus Christ to "convict the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment?" But Christ says that this is his official work. He can no more use the usual modern preaching for this end than he can use a tin sword.

The Christ to whom we are exhorted to get back from Paul is the Christ of Canaan and Capernaum and Bethany, not the Christ of Calvary—a beautiful and glorious character, but no savior; we need a Savior far more than we need a brother and friend. I heard Professor Herron say, "We must get under the sins of men as Christ got under them"—and the saying was loudly applauded. But this word means one of two things—either that Christ did not make an atoning sacrifice for sin, or that we ought to make such atonement—both of which are blasphemous. Yet this is the kind of preaching that passes for gospel today.

The editorial quoted above says, "The trouble with the church, if we may use a paradox, is too much knowledge. The church is straining itself to improve the things that are seen, that are temporal. It looks not at the things not seen, which are eternal, and its faith in the existence of those things is weak." True, and it would be true were it put more strongly.

Again, "The supreme need is the gift of the Holy Spirit." Not true, the Spirit is here and waiting for agents through whom he can work. There are preachers who are full of the Spirit and the results of their work show the fact. They exalt God and his law, and declare to men their sin, and the Spirit uses their preaching for the conversion of souls. But no preacher has a "pull" with him. Whoever is willing to come on his ground will find him ready to work through him. The nineteenth century needs no new gospel, and the Spirit will have no new theology. New forms of expression and new ways of looking at truth may be useful, but the truth itself must not be changed or covered up, if the witness of the Spirit is desired. When the churches and their preachers are willing to get back to the doctrines that made the preaching of Edwards, Wesley, Whitefield and Nettleton so powerful, the Spirit will own their work, and we shall hear no more of this sad and guilty wail about the lack of conversions.

We gain time by taking time.

## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

### A Visit to Brousa.

(A Letter from Mrs. Farnam.)

The idea of going to Brousa when the Baldwins were absent was decidedly a case of the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. That the Baldwins and ourselves had missed each other in Europe—that we were both in Dresden at the same time for a whole week and did not know it until afterwards—seemed a matter of lifelong regret. But the school was at Brousa, the assistants were there, the orphanage was there—this was our only opportunity of seeing them, and we must go.

It was a fair morning when we took steamer from the busy, surging Pont de Galata, Constantinople, for Brousa. We were duly provided with *teskerchs* and had passed the custom house with our small hand satchels—for in Turkey one cannot pass from one town to another without these preliminaries, even with no luggage at all. Every person must be officially identified. We sailed out into the Sea of Marmora, past the forests of shipping and the crowds of little boats that swarm around the larger ones like ants around a drop of honey. Stamboul was on our right, with its numerous minarets gleaming in the sunlight. The hills of Pera were behind us looking for all the world like the hills of San Francisco. Just across the Bosphorus, on the Asia Minor shore, was Scutari, and beyond, running down to the sea, was the little green spot of the English Cemetery, where, close to the water's edge, sleeps the loved friend of our seminary days, schoolmate and room-mate, the talented missionary teacher, Cora Welch van Millegen.

Due south we steamed for six and a half long hours, headed toward the Olympian range, behind which lay Brousa, the object of our journey. It was sunset when we reached Modenia, where we leave the steamer and take the train, and earth and sky were brilliant with a roseate hue, which turned to purple and then to gray, and night had settled down when we reached the station at Brousa. Miss Rebecca, who has charge of the school during Mrs. Baldwin's absence, and her brother, Mr. Nigohassian, were awaiting our arrival and gave us a most hearty welcome. They escorted us to our hotel, where Pastor Garabedian and Miss Reinick from the Orphanage were also awaiting us, giving us another cordial "welcome to Brousa" and filling our hands with flowers.

The next morning early, Mr. Nigohassian called to take us for a drive around the town and a visit to some of the mosques before going to the school. Brousa is a very ancient



and thoroughly Oriental city, beautifully situated on the slopes of Mt. Olympus, and the views on every hand are most delightful. It is much cleaner than Constantinople. At nine o'clock we went to the school room. The girls were all seated, awaiting our arrival, with Miss Rebecca at the organ, and as we entered they arose and sang in English a pretty song, "Welcome to Brousa." With their fresh young faces, their sparkling, dark eyes and their tidy appearance, they made a most pleasing picture. The opening exercises consisted of reading the Scriptures and prayer, songs and recitations of texts in Armenian and in English. The seed is the Word, and it is evident it is being well sowed here in these young minds. We conveyed to them, as well as we could, the greetings of the W. B. M. P. and the interest we of the Pacific Coast feel in their welfare and progress. We then had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss Mianzara, the efficient and faithful house-mother, Miss Aprahamian, who graduated last year and is now assistant teacher, and to some of the former graduates now resident in Brousa, to some of the older pupils and to all who are among the helpers in this interesting school. A song was next in order. It was a chorus in English, "Flowers, pretty Brousa flowers, we gathered them all for you," and to the cadence of the music a young girl came slowly forward, bearing a large bouquet, all gathered from Mrs. Baldwin's garden and presented to us. It was a pretty and touching offering. And this was not all. Another young lady followed and presented, in behalf of the teachers and pupils, a package containing a handsome tablespread of Turkish embroidery; and still another with a card of lace of native manufacture. We felt quite overcome by these unexpected offerings, but knowing them to be the expression of their love for the W. B. M. P., we gladly accepted them as your representative.

We then visited the kindergarten, where thirty bright little children are made happy daily by Miss Demetra. Their school-room is in the basement of the Evangelical church building. Miss Demetra is one of the Greek girls whose course was not yet finished when the school in Brousa West was given up and whose name is familiar to the W. B. M. P. She is an honor to her educators and is doing a fine preparatory work. The little ones showed us some of their pretty exercises, one of which was playing postman. A little fellow, in a postman's uniform, went around with his bag of letters, ringing his bell and distributing to the fortunate ones, and at last he marched straight up to us, rang his bell and delivered a package, which on opening, proved to be a photograph case of pasteboard, made in

the school—a most pleasing souvenir and manner of presentation.

There is also a fine school of boys connected with this church, to which we made a passing visit. Instruction here is given only in Armenian and French.

Mr. Nigohassian took us to his own home for luncheon and entertained us most hospitably. He has a charming family, consisting of himself and wife and four children, with their two grandmothers and his sister, Miss Rebecca. In the afternoon we visited the Orphanage, where we saw fifty girls, every one of whom was made fatherless by the massacre; and some saw three and four brothers killed besides. Can they ever forget it? To us they seemed a sad company, especially the older ones. The little ones may forget, and it is fortunate that they can. Here Pastor and Mrs. Garabedian, with Miss Reinick and Miss Richard are doing a grand work. Miss Richard had been dangerously ill with something akin to pneumonia, but was better and we were permitted to see her for a moment. Mrs. Garabedian, one of our graduates, was acting temporarily as nurse. The labor of the household here is all performed by the pupils, so that they are learning practical things as well as intellectual. We were shown all over this commodious building, built largely by the W. B. M. P. and so well adapted to school work. If it had been on wheels, it would have been taken to Brousa East, at the time of the removal of the school; but it could scarcely have been put to a better use than it is at present. And right here let me say that the wisdom of that removal, of which we never had a doubt, is doubly apparent when one is on the spot and realizes the whole situation. After a hasty run through some of the bazaars, we drove back to our hotel at dusk, feeling we had enjoyed a blessed day. The next morning, very early, we were off for Constantinople, but not too early for the hospitality of our friends. Miss Rebecca and Mr. Nigohassian came to escort us to the station. Day was just breaking in the East, and the full moon setting in the West, as we bade them good-bye. Their last words were what so often we heard during our visit, "Send us a teacher." And this brings us to the

#### NEEDS OF THE SCHOOL.

The most immediate and pressing necessity is for a teacher to relieve Mrs. Baldwin and to bring fresh life and new methods to the work. Mrs. Baldwin's days of loving service have been long and faithful and Miss Rebecca has served for thirteen years, ever since her graduation. One visiting the school cannot fail to be impressed with the good work which has been and is still being done; with the entire harmony which prevails and with the unselfish



devotion to the good of all, which is everywhere apparent. But a new teacher they must have and have soon.

"Send us a teacher" was the earnest request, first, midst and last, during our visit. Such a teacher should be thoroughly qualified, able to take the higher and the graduating classes. And the more accomplishments she has, the better. Music would be a most valuable qualification, but not an absolute necessity. The field is all ready. One need not spend a year or two in learning a new language before being able to begin her work, for all the pupils understand English and read and study in it. Who is there that reads these lines that will arise and say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

Another vital need is money to buy a lot that adjoins the school on the North. The danger is of strangulation. The Turks are close upon the west, the Catholics to the south and east, having lately acquired the latter vantage ground, which was much coveted for our school, and are erecting thereon a large building. Only one avenue is open—that to the North. If our school does not secure it, the Catholics will and then Mr. Nigohasian, who has the best interest of the school at heart, says, with the keen eye of a sagacious business man, who knows the situation better than any one in America possibly can, our school will be ruined. Two thousand five hundred dollars is asked for the lot and the old house upon it. Even now they need more room, for it is only with painful economy of space that the work goes on. How can this money be secured?

*Susan Merrill Farnam.*

Athens, Nov. 19th, 1900.

Real sympathy assumes, wherever practicable, a tangible form. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" It is said in a certain story: A beggar asked for alms. He who thus approached felt for money, and finding none, said, "Brother, I have none." "But you said 'Brother,'" answered the beggar, "and that was alms." There is something of more intrinsic value than money, and that is a sense of sympathy, a feeling of brotherhood. He who doles out money may be only passing on what was given to him, and what he no longer requires, but he who offers sympathy offers a part of himself. The power of Jesus was manifested in his warm sympathy for human want and suffering. Here is where Christian people fail more than at any other point.—Christian Uplook.

## The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

### Review.

December 30, 1900

For a whole year we have been companying with Jesus; studying his life in chronological order, witnessing his mighty works and listening to his wise teachings. This has been the thread upon which all the selections have been strung. Biographical sketches our lessons have been, intended to put us, so far as possible, among the contemporaries of the Son of Man, watching, as they did, his daily course of loving obedience and kindly service.

Thirty-two years and more have been covered by our studies. Of the first thirty years, however, we have had only three glimpses, two of these showing him as a babe, the third as a boy, growing and waxing strong in body, filled with wisdom and with the grace of God abiding in him. Over the remainder of those years of character-building a veil is dropped. Imagination may people it, but of certainty we have none.

He comes to view his baptism. Thence we have attended him on his early Judean and Galilean ministry, through the succeeding year of growing favor and that of unpopularity and opposition which followed.

To have been so closely connected with such a Man has been an inestimable privilege. To have seen how he bore himself in the various exigencies of life; to have noted how his wisdom lights up the problems of faith and conduct; to have gained from him new revelations of friendship and new inspirations to sacrifice—all this, surely, ought to have borne its fruit in purer and more unselfish lives. And one advantage of these reviews is, to bring this redeeming life before us again and, in its light, to ask ourselves what we have really learned, how much higher are our ideals, and how much nearer his are our ways of living.

For the past three months, our studies have covered a period of but little more than thirty days, and up to the last week of his sacrificial life. Events crowd upon each other as we approach to the close.

1. They began with a dinner party where, under the scrutiny of unfriendly eyes, he healed a sick man, improving the opportunity to declare his attitude toward the Sabbath, and to suggest the reciprocal duties of guests and of hosts.

2. An exclamation on the part of one of the company—a piece of cant such as is all too common—opened the way to speak tenderly and earnestly concerning the great boon of God, its contemptuous disregard by men, and of God's yearning pity and determined pur-



pose to bring back wandering souls, even the outcasts of society, into the enjoyment of the great salvation.

4. Such magnanimity of soul was incomprehensible to his auditors, who began to cast scornful glances, and to mutter bitter words. And so to set them right if he could, our blessed Lord tells them stories, which they could understand, of a shepherd and his missing sheep, of a woman and her lost coin; and, in silent contrast, shows how precious are the souls of men, and asks if he is not justified in going out after them?

5. He draws yet closer to their hearts in speaking of the father and his lost boy, a case which must have appealed to many in that or any other company; and then, as a foil to the father's generous love and glad recovery, he pictures the elder brother's—their own—mean jealousy and contempt.

5. At another time he tells his disciples about a shrewd employe who had lost his place through misconduct, and contrasts his untiring zeal in securing himself against loss, with their own half-heartedness in spiritual matters; and in this connection gives wise hints as to the profitable use of worldly wealth. And when the Pharisees standing around, "who were covetous," mocked at what he said,

6. He uttered what was perhaps the most fearful of all his parables. In the story of the rich man and Lazarus he taught them that character and destiny are inextricably interwoven, and suggests what is the inevitable end of such a spirit and temper of mind as they were cherishing.

7. He sought to bring his disciples up to the exercise of a truly thankful, as well as gladsome spirit, by his use of the incident of the ten lepers, whom he healed. And he showed the largeness of his charity by pointing out the fact that the one grateful one was a Samaritan.

8. Again and with the fidelity of love he touched the weak spot in many another lovable man besides the young ruler, impressing upon him and them, that a clear title to eternal life demands the unconditional surrender of every treasure for a life of generous, sacrificial service.

9. Going out from the city of Jericho he gave another illustration of his vast humanness by his treatment of the blind beggar.

10. And a little later by his recovery of a hated publican to a life of godliness through his own large-hearted sympathy, generous trust, and exquisite tact.

11. Fittingly our studies for the year are brought to a close, in his solemn teachings as to the responsibilities which God has laid upon each of us, and the strict accountability to which he will hold us.

And now that we have reviewed these aspects of this matchless character, the question comes up anew, "What think ye of Christ?" What new visions have we gained of him as our Savior and Lord? What new, or newly impressed, lessons from his teachings? What new resolutions of amended lives, are we going to carry into the new year?

## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J.-H. Goodell.

The Old and the New; **YOur Purposes.**  
(Matt. xiii: 51, 52; Luke v: 36-39.)

Topic for December 30th.

(New Year's Meeting.)

This is not only the passing of the year but the arrival of the new century. It is a habit worth cultivating to carefully observe these way-marks in the history of men and the world. It breaks up that thoughtlessness into which it is so easy to fall. Perhaps we do not need to think more intensely, but we do suffer for want of a thoughtfulness which more completely sweeps the entire horizon of our life. As I walk up and down the crowded streets of our cities, at what we call the holiday season, and see the rush, the excitement and the expression of anxiety in the movements of the people, it is apparent that our festivities do not promote meditation and reflection. We could hardly devise a process more prohibitive of a calm survey of our lives and the adoption of a well-planned purpose for our future. It might be well to replace the week of prayer with a week of holy rest and spiritual recovery from the nervous dissipation of the previous month.

\* \* \*

Probably this was not the intention of those who put our topic and the Scripture reference together, but the selection in Luke is a warning against attempting to place incongruous things in company. We ought not to mourn in the time for rejoicing or be hilarious in hours when we ought to be serious and devout. It does appear as if we were trying to patch old garments with new cloth when we run such a driving race for several weeks at Christmas time, and then talk of forming new purposes and solemn resolutions at New Year's. And, as this season is especially devoted to young people, it makes it all the more difficult for them to unite the two in their thought. Hence, it will require more than usual grace to make this meeting impressive and profitable. If we are not specially watchful, the topic in the lobby will be: "What did you get at Christmas?"

\* \* \*

We can scarcely emphasize too strongly the value of having a clear purpose before us. It



counts more for a person than place or manners, or possessions or present attainment. Disraeli was once laughed out of Parliament, but his purpose brought him to be the prime minister of the kingdom. Zaccheus had very little to recommend him, but he had a purpose that brought salvation to his house. Having a purpose is different from being a person with indefinite, all-round good intentions. Purpose is clear cut. It has definite outlines. It sees something distinctly. It has determination. An inspiration goes with it. It throws an attraction into hard work and self-denial. Purpose draws. We begin to reach out for it. We scan the ways that lead to it. We detect the obstacles in the path and brush them out of the way. Life seems worth living. Without knowing how it comes, the life of the purposeful gleams with a radiant joy.

\* \* \*

What about the "old" and the new"? Those of us whose convictions were settled in times of less commotion can hardly realize how perplexing the present is for those whose characters must crystallize under modern conditions. The young mind of today has a library of contradictions upon the most sacred themes. He has only to cross the street to hear the exactly opposite views of Christian truth presented. The partnership between the old and the new has been dissolved, and a fierce war is on. The new is clamorous; it is pugnacious; it is driving the field. The old seems to be fugitive, hard pressed, disappearing. Its garments are being slashed. It has the odor of decay. To the young mind it is on the run with the label of shame hung around its neck. What is the young mind to do? If the old is out of range, what has the new to put in its place? If the Gibralters of the past have been blown up, where are the impregnable fortresses of the present? If the anchors of other days have been cast off, what holds the craft in the storms that threaten every life?

\* \* \*

There is, at least, one safe and hopeful refuge. It is in a clearly defined purpose. Confusion may be worse confounded, as you see it, young man; but there is one thing you can do until the din is lost in the distance of years. There is one general of old time who has not left the field. Whatever else is chased into retreat, he will hold his ground. You will find him just where he has been through the centuries. That leader is Jesus Christ. Leave the smoke and find his side. Get a purpose from him—a purpose for the new year, for the opening century, for your whole lifetime. Stand guard over that consecration. Smite the doubts that obscure your purpose. Refuse admittance to discussions which weaken. Close your eyes to literature which darkens. Let in

the help of everything that keeps that purpose burning brightly. Do not ask the question whether it is old or new, but hold fast whatever makes that Christ-given purpose an impelling power, taking you through the months with devotion to your Lord, with a desire to make men holy, and with a hatred of all that is selfish in yourself. See to it that every week you accomplish some small bit of that purpose. Insist upon seeing some short footsteps of progress as the days hasten past. And the new and the old will drop their warfare on the arena of your sacred purpose.

#### Whatever Is, Is Best.

I know as my life grows older  
And mine eyes have clearer sight,  
That under each rank wrong, somewhere  
There lies the root of Right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,  
But as sure as the sun brings morning,  
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,  
As sure as the night brings shade,  
Is, somewhere, some time punished,  
Though the hour be long delayed.  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the heart's unrest;  
And to grow means often to suffer;  
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors  
In the great eternal plan,  
And all the things work together  
For the final good of man.  
And I know when my soul speeds onward  
In its grand eternal quest,  
I shall see, as I look back earthward,  
Whatever is, is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Everything is made to help some other thing or some one. Each star helps, in a greater or less degree, to keep every other star in its orbit; each grain of sand helps every other grain in building the seashore. Springs unite to make creeks, creeks to make rivers, and rivers swell the volume of the ocean. Are you a helper? Do you realize that a part of your mission is to help others? Helping others, our own sorrows are forgotten, our own burdens lightened, and the pathway of life blooms and becomes fragrant with the flowers of service, luring us on to the valley of happiness, which glistens and sparkles with the dews of God's love.—The Way.

The man who thinks that he came into existence by spontaneous generation ought to fear lest he end his existence by spontaneous combustion.

We should not follow the views which our dead friends held on earth, but those which they now hold in heaven.

## The Home.

### Pray Without Ceasing.

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right.  
 Pray if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
 Tho' hope be weak, or sick with long delay:  
 Pray in the darkness if there be no light.  
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease;  
 Yet every prayer for universal peace  
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.  
 What'e'r is good to wish, ask that of heaven,  
 Tho' it be what thou canst not hope to see.  
 Pray to be perfect, tho' material heaven  
 Forbid the spirits so on earth to be.  
 But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—Coleridge.

### Filling the Corners.

The church bell was ringing out its sweet tones on the clear evening air. It was giving its wonted invitation to the mid-week prayer-meeting. Some, who had not waited for the call, were already gathered in the chapel where the service was to be held. A few were on their way thither, and among these was old Mrs. Grant. She could not walk very fast—she was so feeble—but she went steadily along, meaning to be there on time.

"Don't wait for me; I'm too slow," she said in a cheery voice to a friend who offered to walk beside her; "it's tedious keeping step with me, and I'll be there after a while."

Presently some one behind her exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Grant! Is that you? And where are you going?"

The old lady paused until the speaker caught up to her. "Yes, yes, it is myself sure enough," she answered, with a laugh. "And what are you doing in the village, Mrs. Denning? I'm so glad to see you here once more. It seems such a long time since you moved away."

"I am here visiting old friends."

"And I'm on my way to the meeting at church."

"So you still go to prayer-meeting?"

"Yes, I always do. I can't hear very well, and I find it hard to read the hymns, but I want to be there. Being always present is little enough for one to do, it seems to me."

"Well, the faithful attendants are the most helpful, I believe," Mrs. Denning said, emphatically. "If a pastor can feel sure of always seeing some people in their places it must be a great encouragement to him."

"I'd just hate to think of my corner being vacant so long as I could get there," Mrs. Grant went on. "Seems to me it would be saying to all the congregation, 'Mrs. Grant's neglecting a privilege that the Lord gave her.'"

The old lady spoke in a rather loud tone, and her voice reached May Arnold, who happened to be standing in her own doorway just

as the two were passing. The young lady was looking down the street in an undecided way as if not quite sure whether she wanted to go out or not. "There! I believe I shall, after all," she said to herself the next minute. "I had about half made up my mind to stay at home this evening, but if old Mrs. Grant is particular about being in her corner, why, I should be in mine. I'll go. Kate and Sue to go with me. They will, I know. They merely need a little urging."

Meantime Mrs. Grant was saying to her companion, "Were you going to the meeting, too?" for Mrs. Denning kept right on in the same direction with her.

"Well, I can't say that I intended to go at first," was the laughing reply. "I meant to make some calls, but I can do that another time; for it seems to me now that I must have a corner in church that ought to be filled."

"To be sure you have. Come right along, child."

Behind these two walked a bright-faced young girl. She, also, had heard Mrs. Grant's remarks, and was being influenced by them. "Well, I'm ashamed of you, Dell Brown," she was saying severely to herself. "The idea of your calmly intending to stay away from the prayer-meeting when poor old Mrs. Grant, who can hardly hear a word that is said there, is so faithful about keeping her corner filled up. I guess I have a corner there, too, but it has been vacant many a night. It won't be tonight, though, and neither will some more that I know of. I was going to get Tillie and Ida to go and spend the evening with me at Lydia's, but they can all spend the evening at church just as well, and more profitably. I'll tell them about that corner; that will arouse them. Anyway, it is a privilege that we have all forgotten and needed to be reminded of. I wonder how many corners I can manage to get filled by church time. I'll see. Oh, good evening, Jack. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular," said the young man to whom this question was put, and who was sauntering along in the direction opposite to that in which Dell was bound.

"Do you ever go to prayer-meeting?"

"Not now—I used to—got out of the habit. I suppose."

"How is that?"

"I don't know. Just happened so."

"Go this evening, won't you?" Dell asked, earnestly. "I wish you would. I have a reason for asking, but I can't stop to tell you now, or I shall not be there myself."

"Oh!" she added, turning back a moment, for she had started on her way, "take somebody with you, if you can, please."

Jack gazed after the girl and thought, "What's up, I wonder. She doesn't always go



herself, I know. I've met her many a time at other places on prayer-meeting nights."

Nevertheless, Dell's earnest, "Go this evening; won't you?" settled the question for him. "Well, I suppose I might as well go as not. Mother would go if I did. She has often that she wanted to, but the road from our house is such a lonesome one that she doesn't like to go by herself."

Thus it happened that when the pastor took his seat in front of the people that evening he looked around him in astonishment. How was it that such an unusual number had come? Here and there he saw faces that had not appeared at prayer-meeting for months—he almost thought—for years. Indeed, only a few had gathered there of late, and he had grown very much discouraged. To be sure he had the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But was it not far better when the "two or three" increased as it had this evening? Surely he had reason to be very glad, and the gladness shone in his face, and gave sweetness to his thoughts and to the words in which they were expressed.

Was it any wonder that the pastor's happiness was echoed in the hearts of his hearers, and that they, too, were ready to make that meeting a blessed one? meeting a blessed one?—S. Jennie Smith, in *Evangelist*.

#### The Plough and the Rainfall.

"I heard an old farmer talk one day,  
Telling his listeners how,  
In the wide, new country far away,  
The rainfall follows the plough.

'As fast as they break it up, you see,  
And turn the heart to the sun,  
As they open the furrows deep and free,  
And the tillage is begun;

"The earth grows mellow, and more and more  
It holds and sends to the sun,  
A moisture it never had before  
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so, whenever the ploughshares run,  
The clouds run overhead;  
And the soil that works and lets in the sun,  
With water is always fed."

"I wonder if that old farmer knew  
The half of his simple word,  
Or guessed the message that heavenly true  
Within it was hidden and heard.

"It fell on my ear by chance that day,  
But the gladness lingers now,  
To think it is always God's dear way  
That the rainfall follows the plough."

This is the preparation for a good old age; duty well done, for its own sake, for God's sake and for the sake of the commonwealth of man. When a man works only for himself, he gets neither rest here nor reward hereafter. —Robert Collyer.

## Our Boys and Girls.

### "Heaven Is Not Gained at a Single Bound."

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and passion slain,  
And the vanquished lills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

But our feet must rise, or we fall again.  
Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the way;  
We may hope, and resolve and aspire, and pray.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

### A Christmas Story.

Winifred was cosily curled up in the big chair, beside the fire, reading. Time and money were both scare articles in Winifred's little home, and a new book and time to read it were luxuries indeed, Winifred thought.

"Winifred," called mamma, in that hushed tone which said plainly that baby was asleep at last, "Winifred."

"Yes, mamma," said Winifred, softly. She had taken care of little, sick, fretful Bennie all the morning, and she knew the relief experienced when at last the tired eyes closed in sleep.

"Mollie is coming, dear. Will you see that she comes in quietly, and is very still? I do want baby to have a long nap!"

"Yes, mamma," said Winifred again. Then she closed her beloved book, and laid it carefully and a little wistfully on the table. Winifred always touched books as if she loved them.

While Mollie's coat and hood and leggings and mittens were being removed, Winifred was thinking busily. What could she do to amuse little "Mollie-Chatterbox" and keep her quiet that dark, snowy December afternoon?

While she was still turning over in her head plays and games and stories, none of which seemed to be quite the thing, her eyes fell

upon a roll of birch-bark which she and Mollie had brought home from the woods one day in the fall. It was thin and smooth and beautifully white, with pretty brown specks sprinkled here and there upon it.

"Mollie," she said softly, "I'll tell you what we can do this afternoon. We'll make Christmas presents, you and I!"

"Christmas presents, Winnie," said Mollie, keying her shrill little voice as low as possible in answer to Winifred's warning fender. "Why, we can't, 'cause there isn't, not any money in your purse, Winnie Maynard! And mamma's is just as flat as—as anything, too. I saw it on the table, I did, Winnie."

"But these presents won't cost any money, dear," said Winnie gaily. "Just you wait, and you'll see, Mollie Maynard."

Then she brought the sheets of pretty birch-bark, a pencil, some scissors, pen and ink, and some white paper. She told Mollie her plan, and after a delighted "Oh! oh!" from that wee maiden, together they fell to work as quiet as two mice.

First, Winifred's skillful pencil traced on white paper the prettiest little bell. This she cut out. Then, with Winifred's help, Mollie traced the shape on the birch-bark twice. These birch-bark bells were carefully cut out, and Mollie declared that she believed they would "weally and twuly wing."

Meanwhile, Winifred had drawn a star on the paper, and Mollie, all herself this time, traced and cut out the stars from the birch-bark.

"Let me see," said Winifred, thoughtfully, "stars and bells—and what else is Christmasy, Mollie?"

"Candles, Winnie," said Mollie delightedly. "Let's have a real candle in a little candle-stick, like mine."

So Winifred brought the tiny candle-stick, and studying it carefully, drew a little candle-stick with a real handle, and in it a wee candle, wick and all. "This will be the prettiest one of all, Mollie," she said.

When two of these had been cut from the bark, she wrote in pretty, quaint letters on one bell and one star, "A Merry Christmas."

Then, with Mollie peering anxiously over her shoulder, she wrote this little verse on the second bell:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet,  
The words repeat  
Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

On the star she printed prettily:

"Fear not! Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day a Savior which is Christ the Lord!"

Then she took up the little candle-stick. "What can we put on this, Mollie? I don't know anything about candles."

"I do, I do, Winnie!" cried Mollie eagerly. "It's what we sing in Sunday-school," and in a clear, high, little treble, she began: "We are—"

"Hush, Mollie," said Winifred, "You mustn't sing, you know. Remember baby!"

"But I can't remember the song, Winnie, not one bit," said Mollie, ready to cry, "less I do sing it!"

"Well, sing it in a whisper, then, dear," said Winifred, laughing softly.

So Mollie sang in a queer, hushed little voice:

"We are little candles  
Burning in the night.  
In the world is darkness,  
So we must shine—  
You, in your corner .  
I, in mine!"

"That's just the thing, dear, and wait, you shall print this yourself," said Winifred.

So Mollie, her yellow hair getting in the way continually, with much sputtering of the old pen which was not used to such pinching, wrote in queer, straggly letters, the little verse.

"Now for the ribbon," said Winifred. She punched two round holes through the top of each bell and through one point of each star. Then she and Mollie tied the bells together into a little booklet with a bit of narrow blue ribbon. The stars were fastened with white ribbon, and the candle-sticks were tied through the handles with bright red.

"The candles shall be my mamma's," said Mollie, admiringly patting the little book with fat, inky fingers, "cause she won't mind the cwooked letters, Winnie, and I'll tell her the blots are for Christmas kisses."

"And the bells for papa," said Winifred, busily picking up scraps and putting the table to rights. "And we'll put the star in an envelope and send it to poor, sick Aunt Mary—she'll be so pleased—quick, dear, mamma's coming!"

The little booklets were safely hidden when mamma entered with baby, sweet and rosy from his long nap.

"What have you children been doing?" mamma said, "I haven't heard a sound all the afternoon."

"That's our secret, mamma," said Winifred, laughing. "Don't tell, Mollie."

"They's three secrets, Mamma Maynard," shouted Mollie rapturously. "And one of 'em's yours. But you can't see it—not till Cwistmas! Oh, dear, I'm glad it's most here, for I can't wait long, Winnie."

"Neither can I," said Mamma Maynard, laughing.

The faith that does not move a man to obey God leaves him just where it finds him—an alien with God and without hope.



### A Christmas Mamma.

It was one of those dreary afternoons in November. The rain had fallen steadily all day, and Roland and Esther Graham, two motherless little children, were curled up on the rug in front of the library fire, looking at a picture book.

Their nurse, who was a kind-hearted woman, had frequently explained the stories in the book to them. And now with their little heads bent down over the page, they were looking at the picture of two little girls in bed, while a woman with a gentle, motherly face, was tucking them in. Nurse had told the children a long story about this picture, what dear little ones they were, and how loving and kind their mother was to them.

"I wish we had a mother to tuck us in and talk to us when the rainy days come, and we can't go out," said Roland, sitting straight and pushing the book away from him wearily. "I'm tired looking at picture mothers. Christmas is soon coming, and I'm going to pray and ask God to send us a real mother—what we can talk to. Then, oh! maybe papa will buy us a mother if we give him the money."

"I've got no money," said little Esther, "I spent it all for Mary Jane, and now she's broke and you'll have all the new mamma and Essie'll be so lonesome," and the little girl began to cry.

"Oh, Essie, what you crying for? I haven't any more money than you have, but I thought God wouldn't care, if this year we bought a mamma with our Christmas money, 'cause we's just as poor without a mamma as those poor children."

Mr. Graham was a little later than usual that evening, and somehow forgot to send for the little ones; but sat before the fire thinking of Dora Lynhurst, a little girl he had known in his boyhood, and to whom he had once been engaged, but a misunderstanding had separated them, and he had afterwards married a slight, delicate girl, who, dying the third year after their marriage, had left him with the care of their two children.

That morning an old friend had told him that Dora, who had never married but had been abroad several years, had at last returned and he felt an intense desire to see her again. It was with a strong feeling of self-reproach that he sprang from his chair when he heard the little ones at the door, and with more than his usual warmth that he greeted them, for they were very dear to him.

Mr. Graham saw at once that something was on their little minds. "What it is, Roland?" he asked, drawing the little fellow to him. "You and Esther look as though you had something to ask me."

"Yes, papa, we want you to please buy us a mamma for Christmas."

"Why, isn't your father enough, little chicks?"

"Oh, yes, papa! but Essie and I thought, if instead of putting our money in the envelopes this year, we gave it to you, you might buy us a mother to tuck us in bed at night, and talk to us when you are out."

"'Cause we're dreadful lonesome at times," chimed in Esther.

The tears came to the father's eyes, in spite of himself, at his children's strange request, and he thought, if Dora had grown to be as sweet a woman as she bid fair to be, she would be the very mother these little children so earnestly longed for.

"Here's the money," said Esther, pressing up closely against her mother and putting the coins into his hand. "If you have any more you can just give them to the poor children."

Mr. Graham could not repress the smile that came to his lips, at the children's idea of the value of the few pennies they had saved. "Well, little ones, you run off to bed now; and after supper I will go out and try to find her."

Mr. Graham must have found it rather difficult to find the mother. At any rate, it took him out very often, and finally he told the children that if they wanted a mother he would have to go away for a few days. The children consented reluctantly, "because it would be more lonesome than ever without papa, and mothers seemed dreadful hard things to buy," Roland confided to Esther.

"Papa will not be away so long after all," Roland cried with delight, when on arising the day before Christmas, he found a telegram from papa announcing that he and mamma would be home that evening at 7 p. m. For Dora had refused to be away longer, saying, "That if she was to be a Christmas present she must be home in time."

Seven o'clock came but the train was delayed and it was past ten before Mr. Graham and his wife reached home. Opening the door quietly so as not to arouse the servants, who had given up looking for their master until the morrow, Mr. Graham stepped into the library where the light had been left burning. Going over to the fire, in front of which stood a large chair, he stopped in surprise and a look of tenderness came into his eyes.

"Dora, look; they have waited for their mamma," he said to his wife who had followed him, and now stood looking down on the two little children in their night-robes, curled up in the chair with their arms around one another, fast asleep. They had been put to bed, but feeling that if papa said he would come, he would surely be there, they had slipped out of bed and down into the library, where they had waited until exhausted. Then, settling themselves in the chair, they had told one another they would just shut their eyes to rest them.

but would be sure not to go to sleep.

"Poor little darlings!" Dora exclaimed, leaning down over them, while her eyes filled with tears. "You shall never be lonely again if I can prevent it." Gathering the little girl up in her arms, Dora followed her husband, who had taken the boy up-stairs, and placing the child on the bed tucked her carefully in, then kissing the little one good-night, she went over to the boy's bed. "What a splendid looking child," she said, "so like my husband. Good-night, my little man," she whispered, kissing the childish lips. Then, turning to her husband, she said, "God grant that your choice of a mother for your little ones be not in vain." And had you seen the look of happiness on the children's faces as they took their places in church the next morning, between their parents, you would say it had not been in vain.—A. B. Ball in *The Evangelist*.

## Literature of the Day.

### Book Notices.

"Practical Commentary." By Mrs. T. B. Arnold, assisted by Revs. W. B. Olmstead and C. E. Best, and Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow. A practical and comprehensive commentary, with hints to teachers, illustrations, black-board exercises, questions, maps and class registers. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; 50 cents.

"Bible School Pedagogy." Outlines for Normal classes, by A. H. McKinney, Ph.D. Introduction by Jessie Lyman Hurlbut, D.D. The aim of this little volume is to bring the Sunday-school teacher to study the book of the pupil's mind. We commend it to Sunday-school workers. A study of its pages will make them more successful in their work. The book comes from a practical teacher who knows what Sunday-school teachers need. Eaton & Mains, N. Y. Methodist Book Concern, 1037 Market street, San Francisco; 44 cents; postal card cover, 28 cents; \$3 a dozen, net.

"The Psalms of David." Illustrated by Louis Rhead, with an introductory study by Newell Dwight Hillis. In this volume the Fleming H. Revell Co. of Chicago has sent forth some of the finest work of the year. It is high art in book work. The illustrations are excellent, the page decorations varied and beautiful. The book is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  by  $7\frac{3}{4}$  inches in size, contains 284 pages, and is handsomely bound, with illuminated cover. The type is large, just such as will delight the eye of the reader. The introductory study by Dr. Hillis is a masterpiece. No better gift book can be found. Price, \$2.50. For sale at American Tract Society Bookstore, 16 Grant avenue, San Francisco.

"The Chinaman As We See Him." By Rev. Ira M. Condit, D.D. In this book we have the story of the Chinaman as he is on this side of the Pacific. Dr. Condit is well able to write it, for he has spent thirty years in mission work among the Chinese. There are about seventy-five fine illustrations, and in an interesting manner the reader is informed as to the coming of the Chinese to this country, what they bring with them, the opium-smoking, the "hatchet men," the origin of Chinese missions in America and as to the Christian work prosecuted in their interests. There is a narration of some of the terrible experiences of girls and women saved in the Rescue Home in San Francisco. And, mentally, one is taken on a thorough-going trip through Chinatown. Mention is made of the Congregational mission work and of that of other denominations, though principally attention is given to that in which Dr. Condit has been directly interested—the work carried on by the Presbyterians. In one full-page illustration, "Delegates to the C. E. Convention," we see the face of our brother, the Rev. Jee Gam. Two illustrations, one entitled "When Rescued," the other, "When Married," show the transformations that education and religion, through right living, can work in the lives of these people. All in all, Dr. Condit has written a highly commendable book concerning the Chinaman as we see him in our own land. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago. \$1.50. For sale at Tract Society book store, San Francisco.

### Notes.

Second-hand culture is like second-hand clothing—usually a misfit.

The possession of a new heart helps us to put off the "old man."

If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—Fenelon.

I cannot, I dare not, go up to the judgment till I have done the utmost God enables me to do to diffuse his glory through the world.—Dr. A. Grant.

The holy Spirit is a spirit, and not one mood of the mind; it is not Sabbatical, but daily; it is not a morning and an evening temper, but a perpetual presence in us.—William Mountfort.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George S. Merriam.



## Church News.

### Northern California.

San Mateo.—The Ladies' Aid Society held their annual bazaar and sale of work last week and were heartily assisted in their efforts by the members of the congregation, the result being that the bazaar was one of the most successful ever held here, the total receipts being \$478. The church is having a new heating apparatus put in place this week, and other improvements are planned for the near future. Congregations are on the increase; in fact, Sunday evenings the building is always full. The pastor is giving a series of evening sermons on the Ten Commandments, which are attracting attention.

Etna.—Union Thanksgiving service was held in the Methodist church. Our pastor was the preacher and our choir assisted with the music. There was a large attendance. The annual meeting was held last week. All bills for current expenses are paid and there are \$300 in the bank for the church improvement fund. Work on these improvements will be commenced in the spring. Twenty-five have united with the church during the year, twenty coming on confession of faith. Fifteen adults and eighteen children were baptized. There have been two deaths and there was one marriage. Sunday-school attendance is seventy-five. Eight teachers are employed, all being members of the church. Literary work, done throughout the year by the Endeavor Reading Circle, has been very pleasant and helpful.

San Francisco Richmond.—The cause of the retail clerks of San Francisco was presented in the morning by Pastor Coombe in a sermon on "The American Right to the American Rest Day." In the evening the anniversary of Forefathers' Day was celebrated in a special printed program. The pastor spoke on the "Pilgrim Conscience," the fourth sermon in a series on "Conscience." Mr. Frank Beasom, one of the 13th Minnesota Volunteers, sang very effectively the baritone solo, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."

### Southern California.

Paso Robles.—The new church will be entirely enclosed this week. The treasurer of the building fund has just received \$133.60 from the Redlands Congregational church. It will be remembered that this pledge to help a sister church was given to Rev. S. D. Belt, while their struggle of building was yet upon them, still their "hand was not shortened in giving." May a blessing rest upon both, the giving church and the receiving church.

### Oregon.

Salem.—The annual meeting of the First church, Salem, proved a most refreshing ex-

perience in the history of this church. Besides being numerous attended, the encouraging character of the reports carried a message of inspiration. A large number of additions, the excellent financial showing, the good congregations, and the hopeful, enthusiastic spirit of the church, all helped to make the occasion one long to be remembered. The greatest improvement was discovered in the finances, where the adoption of new methods has resulted in a decided forward movement. After the election of a most excellent corps of officers, the friends adjourned to the parlor, where the ladies served all present with refreshments, and where, with Supt. Tuthill as toast-master, a most delightful time was had. Many declared it the best annual meeting they ever attended, and all decided to endeavor to make the coming year the best in the history of the organization of the church nm-et-hrdlmfw church. The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the church falls next July. Thirty-eight have been received this year, with several more to unite on the last Sabbath of the year.

### Bethlehem Church, Los Angeles.

The work of this church has been greatly enlarged during the last month. It had, before, besides the usual church services, the work of a deaconess, making house-to-house visits, caring for the sick and the needy, a free dispensary open daily, with competent physicians in attendance, a free employment bureau, musical and educational classes, a sewing school for girls, a magazine exchange, a housekeepers' club, a men's hotel furnishing board and lodging at reasonable rates, with an annex for transient lodgers, providing comfortable cots at ten cents per night; a large tent to seat six hundred for free public meetings, political, instructive, religious. It has maintained also a flourishing branch Sunday school at a distance from its central church.

The Associated Charities home now turned over to the Bethlehem board their clothing department. The Good Samaritan work maintained for several years until his death by Captain Frazier, which provided food, clothing and lodging for the needy gratis, or at lowest rates as might best suit each particular case, has fallen now to Bethlehem church. For Thanksgiving week the public schools of the city made an offering for the needy, amounting to several tons of food and clothing, which was brought to the Bethlehem premises for distribution. Some 60 or 70 women came together to prepare the clothing for use, many of them receiving clothing in return for their services.

It is now proposed to add to this varied work public baths. A lady whose name is not

given has pledged \$3,000 for that purpose. Another lady has offered to duplicate every additional thousand donated for this object. Several benevolent citizens, incited by the munificent offers of these women, have intimated that they will give liberally to this fund. The pledges contemplate, in addition, the plunge, shower and tub baths, a laundry for cleansing and fumigating clothes, a gymnasium and a large assembly hall to take the place of the tent which has been in use during the past season. It is believed that the people of this city are to such a degree interested in this work that the money for these improvements will be forthcoming.

The charity work of the Bethlehem Board now extends over the entire city, and will need more than the four paid workers now employed. The present expenses are about \$200 per month. Larger giving is required even for this outlay. With the work now laid upon the institution the overworked laborers should be reinforced by additional helpers and more generous gifts for support.

#### The Bay Association:

The winter meeting of the Bay Association was held Tuesday, December 11th, at Market Street church, Oakland. Fourteen churches were represented by ten pastors and twenty-three delegates, and fourteen ministerial members, not pastors, were present.

The general topic of "Devotion to Truth" gave direction to the discussions, with papers on the following sub-topics: "Devotion to Truth in the Home," by Mrs. F. B. Perkins; "In the Pulpit," by Rev. R. C. Brooks; "In Political Life," by Rev. J. W. Phillips; and "In Social Life," by Rev. W. W. Scudder. These papers were prepared with unusual care and were very suggestive and stimulating. The fathers and mothers in our churches will enjoy Mrs. Perkins' paper, soon to be published by request of the Association in the columns of *The Pacific*.

During the hour called in the program "The Hour of Fellowship," under the conduct of Dr. McLean, reports from certain of the churches were given; and these were followed by informal suggestions as to old and new methods in church work, the Capen Plan, Home Missionary Self-support, *The Pacific*, fortunately, "always with us," and the approaching State Conference of the Associated Charities, to be held at the First church of Oakland.

Rev. C. R. Brown and others urged the significance and value of this conference to those who seek scientific and efficient methods in relieving the brother's need.

At the hours of devotion, naturally suggested by the general topic of "Devotion to

Truth," portions of the gospel of John were read, which reveal Christ as "the Truth"; and in prayer and utterance the fact was emphasized that, amid all differences that threaten division, in him we find our unity, and that devotion to him is devotion to essential and abiding truth.

*Frank N. Greeley, Scribe.*

#### Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

Special services were held for several days last week at the St. Helen's church, St. Helen's, by Rev. C. E. Philbrook, pastor. Rev. Morton D. Dunning of Forest Grove, and Rev. B. S. Winchester of Hassalo Street church, Portland, assisted in the services. A good deal of interest was awakened.

The Missionary Committee of the Forest Grove church has arranged for a series of addresses for the purpose of setting forth interesting steps in the progress of Christ's kingdom. The topic for Sunday evening, December 16th, was "Life and Work of Savonarola," and the address was given by Prof. James R. Robertson of the chair of history in Pacific University.

A reception to the members of the college classes of Pacific University was given by Acting President and Mrs. Ferrin on the 7th inst. Each student was dressed so as to represent some state or country. The affair was a most enjoyable one, and served to strengthen the social tie between students and teachers in the University.

Special services giving emphasis to Forefather's Day were held in the Oregon City Congregational church on the 16th inst, the address by the pastor being on "Fruits of Pilgrim Planting." The choir prepared especial music befitting the occasion.

The second annual meeting of the Oregon Historical Society was held in the lecture room of the First church of this city on the 15th inst. After the usual business relating to such a meeting was transacted an interesting paper was read by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, a member of The Dalles Congregational church, giving a graphic account of her trip from New England to Oregon in 1851. She came by the Isthmus, and was one of five teachers who came that year, and upon arrival at Oregon city reported to Rev. Geo. A. Atkinson, and very soon was employed at Tualatin Academy. A few years later her father, Rev. Mr. Millar, with the remainder of the family, came to Oregon. In early days in Ohio Edwin M. Stanton, John Sherman and others, who afterwards became noteworthy characters in the history of our country, were instructed by Mr. Millar.

It may be remembered that an appeal was made by Superintendent Rowley some weeks



ago for clothing, etc., to supply the needs of a lot of people in what is known as the "bad lands"—not because the land is bad, for it is not, for beautiful forests, fine streams, grand trees, and open glades of grass abound, with many deer, a few bear and cougars are still found—but because the people were in other days. The population now is a mixture of whites and half castes, the latter the descendants largely of mining men. This district is forty miles away from any railroad, and thinly settled. In a stretch of nine miles long there are forty-three children, besides a number of adults, whose mental condition is not much above that of ordinary children. Vice in many forms abounds in this district, and Superintendent Rowley was advised by a hunter friend who posted him regarding the locality, urging that something be done for it; not to take any money as life was not safe with it. The place was visited and a week spent in ascertaining the true conditions, which were even worse than described. Among the children were those who were lame, crippled and suffering in many ways—conditions brought about by sinful practices on the part of parents. Then the appeal was made. The ladies of the churches of Portland responded very heartily with more than two hundred pounds of shoes, stockings, little shirts and underwear, hats and caps—all making a big horseload. These were taken into the district on a second trip, with a lot of magazines, papers and pictures, which were received with glad hearts. One old half-caste Indian woman, sixty-seven years old, who was taught at a Catholic school when a child, said she cut the picture of Jesus out of a paper and put it up over her bed so she could see it in the night by the light of the fireplace and pray to it. A sixteen-year girl was found who, though badly crippled, is very bright, a great reader and very ambitious. Other girls of various ages, one of twenty-three, were more or less deformed, yet with bright minds, of mixed blood—all of whom are capable of great improvement if opportunity is afforded.

In no locality is seed-sowing more needed than here and a start has been made towards it in providing first for temporal wants. Another hundred pounds of clothing, etc., have been secured, which will be distributed at the earliest practicable moment. The place is difficult of access because of a rapid mountain stream, which cuts it off from other settlements, and can only be crossed at a ford. Winter storms affect it considerably, so that there are days at a time when it is impassable.

Portland, Dec. 16, 1900.

Men would pluck their mercies green when the Lord would have them ripe.—E. S. Elliott.

## Washington Letter.

BY I. LEARNED.

The First Church, Tacoma, has repainted and renovated its church building at an expense of nearly a thousand dollars. With the frescoing and the new carpet it bears a greatly improved appearance within and without. With other bettered conditions this church seems to be putting on new strength. It was an unusually interesting service which was held on the evening of the 9th, when addresses were made by Rev. J. Woodbury, Dr. Hong, a native physician, and Miss Jones, the two former returning to China and the latter going out for the first time, all expecting to find independent service at Shanghai. The writer never listened to a more ready and fluent and interesting Chinese speaker of the English language than was Dr. Hong, and he gave strong testimony to the possibilities of Christianity when its living story should be presented to all that people.

The East Tacoma church, Rev. William G. Olinger, pastor, is doing good work and now making a steady growth. Into the Sunday school of this church there has recently been introduced sixty-five teachers' Bibles. They claim to have dispensed entirely with all lesson helps in the way of quarterlies in the hands of the scholars, but copies of Pelouhet's Notes were in the hands of some of the teachers rather than the Bible.

The Center-street Sunday school has been increasing of late in its attendance, and is assuming somewhat the appearance of seven and eight years ago. Mr. Fred. Fletcher is Superintendent and is doing effective work.

The Jefferson-avenue Mission is doing much for the young people in its portion of the city, although its attendance of from forty to seventy is so uneven as to make the work not as thoroughly effective as is desired.

The new K-street Sunday school, made up largely of children too young to attend the First Church Sunday school on account of distance, has made a good start within the few weeks since its organization and has an average attendance of above forty.

Pastor Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, concludes his regular monthly church missionary meetings with the all-day meeting on the 20th. He says that an equally good programme has been prepared for the new century year and he expects the interest in missions will go on increasing among the members of his church.

The Edgewater church, in the Fremont section of the city, Rev. J. T. Nichols, pastor, entertains for the first time the Puget Sound Congregational Club on Friday evening, 21st. Rev. E. T. Ford of the First church, Tacoma,

will be the guest of the club and give the annual Forefathers' Day address.

The new edifice of Pilgrim church of this city is nearing completion and will be ready for dedication about the first of the new year.

Rev. F. E. Whitham has resigned the pastorate of the Columbia City church, to take effect with the close of this month, that he might accept the call he has received from our church at Ritzville, to which place he will remove January 1st.

Mr. Stanley M. Wilson has resigned the work at Snohomish and left that city. This church is desirous of securing a minister, wise, spiritually minded and energetic, and without much delay in his coming.

The church at Port Angeles is now quietly looking for a pastor, and with the present prospects for substantial growth in the town it is believed that it will make an exceedingly desirable field for an earnest, godly man who shall be able to win men.

The Second Church, Spokane, have called Rev. Joseph A. Barnes, late of Union City, Mich., who has recently preached for them for a few Sabbaths.

The church at Hope, Idaho, has nearly completed a new chapel to replace the one consumed by fire a year or more ago. Failing to secure a more central location they have re-occupied the old lot on the hillside.

It was supposed that a new superintendent of the work of the Home Missionary Society in this state would be appointed as early as January, but recent advices from New York seem to indicate that no such official will be chosen sooner than next April. Meanwhile, however, it is understood that Dr. J. D. Kingsbury will represent the Executive Committee by a three months' residence in the State, hoping to save some of the work which, under present conditions seems sadly demoralized. The genial sunshiny face of the good doctor will be gladly welcomed here although he will be able to see but few of the churches in his limited time of three months' stay.

Roy has been favored with a spiritual uplift. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Wells, secured the services of Rev. A. Y. McGregor, evangelist, in a series of meetings, resulting in a number of conversions, with nine accessions, all of whom are heads of families. Others will unite with the church in the near future. Both the Sunday school and Y. P. C. E. are doing good work at that point.

Seattle, December 14th.

#### Inland Empire Letter.

In many respects the Coeur d'Alene country, Idaho, is full of interest and there are prospects of marvelous development. The state has now a population of 161,771, as against

84,385 in 1880. It has shown the largest increase in percentage of all the states. The northern mining region is leaping into prominence. Lead was first discovered at Canyon creek in the fall of 1884, in the Tiger mine near the present town of Burke. In the same year other locations were made at Mullan, and in 1885 the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines were discovered at Wardner. At this time the country was a wilderness and inaccessible, the only way of getting in being by foot at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day. The true stories of the early path-finders are stranger than fiction. Since those early days great progress has been made, two railroads going into the country and several towns have come into existence. The veins of ore are true fissure, going to great depths, already over 1,000 feet with no signs of decrease in quantity or quality of ore. They are regular in width and length, the pay streaks varying from two to twenty feet in width and the ore comparatively clean. The output of the camp has been steadily increasing, so that in 1897 the district produced nearly forty per cent of the entire lead product of the United States. All the producing mines have concentrators of their own which are not excelled in the country. Nowhere, probably, is mining conducted on better business principles. Heavy mining machinery of all kinds is used. They hoist from 600 to 700 tons a day of ore from a depth of 2,500 feet. The shipping facilities are unexcelled.

"Without the lead ores of the Coeur d'Alene more than one-half of the smelters now in operation would be compelled to close down, and without this lead ore the dry ores of Colorado and Utah could not be worked." It is estimated that 3,000 men work in the mines all through the district and about an equal number depending upon them indirectly, making the population about 15,000. The pay roll is from two and a half to three million dollars annually. During recent years the Coeur d'Alene has attracted attention, not so much as the greatest lead-producing district, but as the centre of serious conflict between capital and labor. The case as presented by Mary Hallock-Foote in her story entitled "Coeur d'Alenes," is not exaggerated according to the testimony of competent judges. A great deal of Christian work has been done in this district by the Episcopalians and the Methodist Episcopal church and some by the Baptist. But as the country seems to be entering upon a new era there seems to be need of aggressive work just now. We have two church organizations and five Sunday-schools. The church at Wardner is making progress; among the members are some of the most earnest Christian workers. The Sunday-



school has passed the one hundred mark, and the enrollment at Wardner and Kellogg is about 200. The Ladies' Aid promises to be a vigorous and efficient auxiliary of the church. A bazaar is to be held on the 22d.

The new church at Eureka Junction, Walla Walla county, was dedicated on Sunday, December 9th. It is a neat and convenient building, costing \$1,200—all paid for, with \$20 in the treasury to purchase an organ. It has a class room in addition to the main audience room. People came ten and fifteen miles to attend the dedicatory service. The sermon was preached by President Penrose of Whitman college. Addresses were made by Revs. Austin Rice, Walla Walla, and T. W. Walters. The crowning event was the reception of eight new members on confession of faith. The work at this point has made remarkable progress under the ministry of Rev. A. R. Olds.

Rev. G. E. Atkinson has closed his labors at Tekoa and gone to a new field in California.

It is worthy of mention that the business men of Wardner have entered into a compact to close their places of business on Sunday. It is a wonderful advance on the order of things in the past. It is an evidence that sensible and progressive people realize from a physical and economic standpoint that six days in the week are sufficient to be engrossed in business. It is to be hoped that it is a prophecy of the speedy coming of a new era in this region.

The Westminster church, Spokane, had a very successful sale and supper on Tuesday of this week. Nearly four hundred sat at the tables one day and the articles sold rapidly. The ladies are gratified with the results, both socially and financially. This church is making wholesome progress; its influence is broadening and deepening weekly under the ministry of Dr. Wallace. The church is not only developing in material affairs, in increase of membership and enlarging of constituency, but also in the spiritual life, evidenced in the attendance at weekly prayer-meeting.

Wardner, Idaho.

## The Bystander.

### THE LECTURE PLATFORM IN CALIFORNIA.

The Bystander took a flying trip last week to some mining towns of Northern California, and lectured to interesting, if not interested audiences. He came in touch with that unique western life described by Brete Harte and "held up" by Black Bart. The first stop was made at Sutter Creek, reached by stage from Ione. The California stage retains something of its old-time spirit. The stage which carries bullion from the mines is still guarded by

armed messengers, some of whom are well-known characters in the community where they live. Sutter Creek is associated with Hettie Green and her rich mine. It is a typical mining town. There is no Congregational church here, but Mr. Singer has planted Sunday schools through this region. The thunder of stamp mills is heard from Ione to Placerville. It is significant that many of the children living in these communities have never seen a locomotive, a large town, an electric or cable car, and thousands of other things familiar to city children. The Methodists work among the Cornishmen and do much good.

The ride from Sutter to Placerville is one to be remembered. The distance is about twenty-eight miles, through a beautiful country. At Amador the Bystander had a glimpse of a stamp mill, a place of angry-looking stone crushers, large metal fans, running water, amalgam, quicksilver and deafening noise. It is a dreary, rusty, dingy place, this mill, but somebody is enjoying the results of its ceaseless noise and action. At Plymouth a stop was made for lunch at the home of the Methodist minister, who has nine charges on his circuit and often drives twenty miles on Sunday. He started with three thousand dollars in bank, but now his hair is white and there is no more money. He could write a book on "The Circuit Rider" quite as interesting, no doubt, as that of Edward Eggleston. He said: "I am simply holding this country for Methodism."

Placerville is the center of a vast mining region. The approach to the active town will not be forgotten. Above rose the Sierras gleaming in crimson sunset colors, covered with snow. Below under the shadow of the hills is Placerville. To the right placer miners have left their indelible mark upon the brow of the mountain, which is actually cut through—broken apart like the shell of an egg.

After returning to Ione by rail the Bystander left his region—a great theatrical stage on which the argonauts have acted a mighty part. There is only one unpleasant picture in his mind. It is a little Congregational church in Galt—a church where the Bystander and Mr. Jewett once visited to install a pastor, but which has long stood idle, gradually going to decay, a memory, and as the world says, a mistake. No services have been held here for a long time. It is a deserted church.

All the Catholic priests in Russia have been permitted by the Czar to visit Rome during the present "holy year." The San Francisco Monitor remarks: "This does not seem much of a concession to us, but it marks a new era in the relations of the Vatican with St. Petersburg."



### Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

The Los Angeles and Orange county District meeting of the Union was held in Olivet church, Los Angeles, Thursday morning, November 15th, Mrs. C. P. Dorland, District Vice-President in the chair.

After helpful devotional exercises the reports of the Treasurer and of the Superintendents of children's work and of press and literature were given. A plea was made that the plan for a Children's Home Missionary Sunday be tried in all the churches this year, and the use of the tent mite-boxes was urged as they have always brought in good returns, whenever used.

It was also hoped that free use will be made of the Literature Department, as the programs now being issued will be found practical if used in connection with the literature.

Supt. Maile gave a clear and forceful talk on the history and work of the C. H. M. S., with special explanation of the Diamond Jubilee appeal to be made early in 1901.

With earnest words from the President of the Union, Mrs. Day, and with prayer by Mrs. Frary, the meeting adjourned.

All workers and friends of the Union will be saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary M. Smith, of Riverside, who was for many years the Treasurer of our Union and most whole-hearted and untiring in loving interest and plans for its success. Her death occurred at Riverside, December 6th, after more than a year of failing health. We shall need many loyal, devoted workers to take up the work laid down by so strong and true a soul.

The program on Christian education, given below, is printed at this time, because the last Thursday in January, long known as the Day of Prayer for Colleges, naturally turns our thoughts to this subject in January. Let as many societies as possible get an intelligent idea of what is involved in the higher education under Christian auspices. This program may help some perplexed parent.

Diamond Jubilee program next month.

#### W. H. M. U. OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PROGRAM.

Subject, "Christian Education."

1. Devotional.
2. The Congregational Education Society. Three societies in one. (Five minute talk, with blackboard exercise.)
3. Reading from "The Christian College a Factor in Our Civilization," by Samuel B. Capen.
4. Map exercise. Locate C. E. S. work in as many states as possible.
5. Pacific Coast Work—Pomona College, Pacific University or Whitman college.

6. The Christian College Product as I Have Known It. (Two-minute personal reminiscence from five women.)

Consult current periodicals and C. E. S. pamphlets, which will be sent to each auxiliary. Send direct to any college for its latest literature. For Home Missionary literature apply to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont, Cal.

### Notes and Personals.

Rev. F. V. Jones has entered on the work at Park church.

Rev. J. B. Orr will begin evangelistic services the first of January in the Methodist church of Placerville.

During the Pontificate of Leo XIII, extending from 1878 to the present time, 134 Cardinals have died. Of his fellow Cardinals under his predecessor, Pius IX, only four are now living.

Southern California papers state that Rev. E. F. Goff of Riverside, who has been seriously ill, is not yet able to resume work, and that an assistant pastor is likely to be engaged for a time.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held on Friday evening, December 21, 1900, at 8 o'clock, at Plymouth church, San Francisco, Post street, near Buchanan; J. E. Agar, Secretary.

Miss Rosa Lamont has returned from Nome, where she was engaged in missionary work. Recently a reception was given her in the parlors of Bethany church by the Christian Endeavor Society of that church.

The reports at the recent meeting of the First Congregational church of Pasadena showed a net gain in membership during the year of 19, 33 having been received. The money receipts for the year were \$4,653.70, of which amount \$2,806 were by envelope, a larger amount than ever before. The trustees ascribe the good work accomplished to the response on the part of all to their appeal to make the closing year the best in the history of the church.

The Rev. Dr. Norton of San Diego is giving a series of Sunday evening addresses on "The Closing Century." Topics are: "The Wider World—the Century's Progress in Knowledge," "The World-Wide Work—the Progress of Missions," "The Deeper Insight—the Progress of Christian Thought," "The Dawning Century—Its Call for Progress."

Next Monday the Rev. Mr. Rice, recently from Oberlin, Ohio, will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.



A very pretty custom obtains among certain classes by which the newly married pair starts a savings bank for the child yet to be. Every day a penny or a dime, as the case may be, is dropped into the bank



to swell the fund, and this practice is kept up until the child is old enough to save for itself.

The parents have the right theory but how rarely they carry it to its broadest application. Every mother is perforce laying up for her child what money cannot influence—happiness or misery. The nervous mother will have a nervous child. The irrita-

ble and fearful mother cannot have a happy and cheerful child. In mind and body the child will reflect the mother's condition.

The best preparation for motherhood is made by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its perfect control over the sensitive feminine organism gives it a natural influence over the mind. It banishes anxiety and fear. It does away with the misery of morning sickness. It gives vitality and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and makes the trial of motherhood easy and brief. It makes healthy mothers, capable of nursing and nourishing the babes they bring into the world. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Accept no substitute.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write to you. Perhaps some one will see my testimony and be led to use your 'Favorite Prescription' and be blessed in the same way. This is my fifth child and the only one who came to maturity; the others having died from lack of nourishment—so the doctor said. I was not sickly in any way 'Favorite Prescription.' I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through, and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that everybody who sees him wonders at him. He is so playful and holds himself up so well. I would like to see this in print for many have asked me, 'Do you think these are the testimonials of the people, or has Dr. Pierce just made them up and printed them?'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

### "Thy Kingdom Come."

So the members of the churches pray, and do they really mean it? There are today more than thirty million nominal Christians in the United States. All these at times repeat the words, "Thy kingdom come." If every one of these really meant what they say, the kingdom of God would be set up with power in thirty million hearts in this country. What a mighty effect for right for righteousness that would have! How soon it would annihilate the saloons and all other forms of organized iniquity! The important thing to be done is not merely to say the words, "Thy

kingdom come," but to so earnestly desire its coming as to fully, completely surrender the will to Jesus Christ by a living faith. Were all who say the words to do this the kingdom of God would come with power into their souls, and through them soon take the world for Christ.

Hollanders have lost none of the spirit of the enterprise that has been displayed by their past history. They have been more than once called the forces of nature to their aid in critical emergencies. For a number of years they have been talking of draining the Zuyder Zee and adding the land now covered by that gulf to the agricultural resources of the country. It is sixty miles long and two hundred and twelve in circumference, covering an area of seven hundred and fifty square miles. It is expected that it will take from twenty to thirty years to complete the work, and that its cost will be from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000. The expectation is that it will be accomplished during the reign of Queen Wilhelmina.

There are a lot of gray-haired people dyeing to get married.

Many a man would be all right if he could lose his reputation.

A young colored candidate for the ministry was addressing a colored Sunday-school: "We are always a prayin' 'Thy Kingdom Come,' but we nebber does anything to help fotch de Kingdom. Now we ought to be a doin' sumfin to help answer our prayers. It reminds me of a cullud brudder down South what tuk a fancy to one of his neighbor's chickens. He prayed and prayed to the Lord foh dat chicken. But de good Lawd did not send him de chicken. At last he prayed de Lawd to send him after dat chicken. And, shore 'nuff! he went ober one night and got dat chicken. So, my bruddern and sisters, you should wuk as well as pray. Yo' should go arter de Kingdom."

### For a Nerve Tonic

Dr. H. Harlow, Augusta, Me., says: "One of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic."

**YOUR dealer in lamp-chimneys—what does he get for you?**

You can't be an expert in chimneys; but this you can do. Insist on Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" whichever shape you require. They are right in all those ways; and they do not break from heat, not one in a hundred. Be willing to pay a nickel more for them.

Our "Index" describes all lamps and their proper chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it.

Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### CHAS. H. JACOB & CO.

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

318 Mason Street

Bet. Geary and O'Farrell

Telephone Main 5213

San Francisco

## HOTEL RAMONA

Adjoining Y. M. C. A. Building

130 Ellis Street, - San Francisco

—EUROPEAN PLAN—

First-class in every respect. Sanitary Plumbing, Hot and Cold Water in Rooms, Electric Lights and Bells.

CARS TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY PASS THE DOOR

50c. to \$1.50 per day. Weekly and Monthly Rates Made

MRS. KATE S. HART, Manager.

Reference by permission to Rev. George C. Adams, Pastor First Cong. Church; also to the Editor The Pacific.

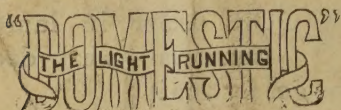
## Ferry's SEEDS

Ferry's Seeds are known the country over as the most reliable Seeds that can be bought. Don't save a nickel on cheap seeds and lose a dollar on the harvest.

1901 Seed Annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.,  
Detroit, Mich.





Pre-eminently the Sewing Machine  
for Family Use

**Standard Paper Patterns**

HIGHEST PERFECTION  
LOWEST PRICES:.....

Send for Catalog.

**J. W. Evans, Agent**

1021 Market St. San Francisco  
(Near Sixth)

G. W. Keeler H. E. Snook G. P. Prechtel

**Golden Gate Undertaking Co**

2425-2429 Mission Street  
Telephone Mission 102

C. H. Ashley  
H. S. McCurdy  
Assistants

Samuel Foster  
Arthur J. Foster

Morris Marcus  
Fred H. Hersey  
Lyman D. Foster

ESTABLISHED 1866

**S. Foster & Co.**

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Exporters of American Products

Agents

**WEBB'S**  
CREAM  
Sugar Corn

**TOP-O-CAN BUTTER**

(Gold Medal, Paris, 1900)

**DIAMOND BRAND**  
YOUNG AMERICA CHEESE

26 and 28 California St.

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA

**HOTEL.**

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

F. L. TURPIN, Proprietor

Telephone MAIN 12

**ROYAL HOUSE**

126 Ellis St.

Near Y. M. C. A., San Francisco, Cal.

Between POWELL AND MASON STREETS.

ELEVATOR AND OFFICE ON GROUND FLOOR.

New fire-proof brick building, metallic fire escapes front and rear. Every room new furnished complete with spring beds and hair mattresses. First-class reading room and parlor. All the daily papers. Rooms, per night, 35c. to \$1.50; per week, \$2 to \$9; month, \$8 to \$30.

**LADIES' PARLOR.**

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the d

**Rooms to Let**

BY THE

**DAY, WEEK, or MONTH**

**SOMETHING DESIRABLE**

**FOR SALE**

Residence property in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Fruitvale. Desirable and cheap. Ranches also. Some of this is for exchange.

**W. D. THOMAS**

The Insurance Man

502 East 12th Street . Oakland.

**Blake, Moffitt & Towne**

DEALERS IN

**PAPER**

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Telephone Main 189.

146 and 148 N. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

**THE SABBATH TRANSFERRED.**

The Sabbath Question Settled.  
Jewish Sabbath and Christian Sabbath  
Identical. Price reduced to Clergymen to \$1.00.

For Circulars write to  
**JOHNS D. PARKER & Co.,**  
East Orange, N. J.

**MURRAY**

**HARRIS**

**Organ Builder**

Church, Chapel and Parlor Organs

657, 659 San Fernando St.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Factory larger and employs more men  
than all other organ factories combined  
west of St. Louis. Catalogue free.

Tel. MAIN 333

**H. LE BARON SMIT**

The American Tailor

20 Bush Street Above Montgomery

15 per cent to clergymen

General John B. Gordon, who led the last Confederate attack on our lines at Appomattox, Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, was a candidate, years after, United States Senator from State of Georgia. The New York Commercial, having stated that certain member of the Legislature was elected an purpose to vote against him, gives the result follows: "He stormed and raved against his old commander at times and places, and when it came to voting, he marched resolutely the aisle with an anti-Gordon ballot in his hand. Then on the platform sat the old general, the scars of battle still disfiguring a face that had once been handsome. As the Barnesville man approached the ballot-box heart began to fail him when caught sight of Gordon. His face shook with emotion, but he tried to nerve himself for the ordeal. Then, suddenly turning and facing the caucus, he cried out, as tears streamed down his bronzed cheeks: 'It's no use, boys! I can do it! Here goes my vote, John B. Gordon. It was all up with me, boys, when I seen that that scar. Forgive me, general.'"